

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1220. — October 19, 1867.

## CONTENTS.

		PAGE
1. On the Correlation of Force in its bearing on Mind	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	131
2. The Social Era of George III. . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	140
3. Tenants of Malory, Part VIII. . . . .	<i>Dub. University Magazine,</i>	152
4. The Two Great Powers of the Future . . . .	<i>London Review,</i>	180
5. Scotch Gems and Jewellery . . . . .	<i>Scotsman,</i>	183
6. The Love of Scenery . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	184
7. Light after Darkness. By Mrs. Stowe . . . .	<i>Athenæum,</i>	186
8. The Satchel and the Wedding-Dress . . . .	<i>Christian Register,</i>	187
9. Mr. Seward and Lord Stanley . . . . .	<i>Economist,</i>	189

POETRY: The Answer. By J. G. Whittier, 130. A Fashionable Reform, 130. Light and Shadow, 191. The Bird and the Baby, 192.

☞ Preparing for Publication at this office: LINDA TRESSEL; THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY; GRACE'S FORTUNE; TENANTS OF MALORY; BROWN-LOWS; OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year; nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second " " 20 " 50 "

Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete work 88 " 220 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

## THE ANSWER.

SPARE me, dread angel of reproof,  
And let the sunshine weave to-day  
Its gold-threads in the warp and woof  
Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me a while : the flesh is weak.  
These lingering feet, that fain would stray  
Among the flowers, shall some day seek  
The strait and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,  
The awe of thy rebuking frown ;  
The dullest slave at times must sigh  
To fling his burdens down ;

To drop his galley's straining oar,  
And press, in summer warmth and calm,  
The lap of some enchanted shore  
Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,  
My heart its taste of long desire ;  
This day be mine : be those to come  
As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,  
Smiting my selfish prayers away :  
" To-morrow is with God alone,  
And man hath but to-day.

" Say not thy fond, vain heart within,  
The Father's arms shall still be wide  
When from these pleasant ways of sin  
Thou turn'st at eventide."

" Cast thyself down," the tempter saith,  
" And angels shall thy feet upbear."  
He bids thee make a lie of faith,  
A blasphemy of prayer.

Though God be good and free be Heaven,  
No force divine can love compel ;  
And, though the song of sins forgiven  
May sound through lowest hell,

The sweet persuasion of His voice  
Respects thy sanctity of will.  
He giveth day : thou hast thy choice  
To walk in darkness still ;

As one who, turning from the light,  
Watches his own gray shadow fall,  
Doubting, upon his path of night,  
If there be day at all !

No word of doom may shut thee out,  
No wind of wrath may downward whirl,  
No words of fire keep watch about  
The open gates of pearl.

A tenderer light than moon or sun,  
Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,  
May shine and sound forever on,  
And thou be deaf and dim.

Forever round the Mercy-seat  
The guiding lights of Love shall burn ;  
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet  
Shall lack the will to turn ?

What if thine eye refuse to see,  
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,  
And thou a willing captive be,  
Thyself thy own dark jail ?

O doom beyond the saddest guess,  
As the long years of God unroll  
To make thy dreary selfishness  
The prison of a soul !

To doubt the love that fain would break  
The fetters from thy self-bound limb ;  
And dream that God can thee forsake  
As thou forsakest Him !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

— Independent.

## A FASHIONABLE REFORM.

Now Reason in a measure reigns  
O'er female dress ; some girls, with feet  
And ankles gifted, and with brains,  
Wear skirts that do not sweep the street.

The wearer thus her brains doth show,  
Exhibits feet and ankles too :  
Without her dress held up, as though  
On purpose to afford the view.

Now you can see a form of grace,  
Whose outlines were before concealed ;  
Draped simply, and, besides the face,  
With judgment other charms revealed.

Old times return, emotions old  
Back with sweet recollections bring ;  
The dull blood feels, in winter's cold,  
As though revisited by spring.

Our very youth, serene through smoke  
And self-sufficient as are they,  
With some sensation may be woke  
By damsels clad in meet array.

Ye fair ones, blest with minds and souls,  
Effect just one amendment more ;  
Discard those chignons from your polls,  
And you'll be objects to adore !

— Punch.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

## ON THE CORRELATION OF FORCE IN ITS BEARING ON MIND.

BY PROFESSOR BAIN.

THE doctrine called the Correlation, Persistence, Equivalence, Transmutability, Indestructibility, of Force, is a generality of such compass, that no single form of words seems capable of fully expressing it; and different persons may prefer different statements of it. My understanding of the doctrine is, that there are five chief powers or forces in nature: one *mechanical*, or *molar*, the momentum of moving matter; the others *molecular*, or embodied in the molecules, also supposed in motion:—these are heat, light, chemical force, electricity. To these powers, which are unquestionable and distinct, it is usual to add vital force, of which however it is difficult to speak as a whole; but one member of our vital energies, the Nerve Force, allied to electricity, fully deserves to rank in the correlation.

Taking the one mechanical force, and those three of the molecular named heat, chemical force, electricity, there has now been established a definite rate of commutation, or exchange, when any one passes into any other. The mechanical equivalent of heat, the 772 foot pounds of Joule, expresses the rate of exchange between mechanical momentum and heat: the equivalent or exchange of heat and chemical force is given (through the researches of Andrews and others) in the figures expressing the heat of combinations; for example, one pound of carbon burnt evolves heat enough to raise 8080 pounds of water one deg. C. The combination of these two equivalents would show that the consumption of half a pound of carbon would raise a man of average weight to the highest summit of the Himalayas.

It is an essential part of the doctrine, that force is never absolutely created, and never absolutely destroyed, but merely transmuted in form or manifestation.

As applied to living bodies, the following are the usual positions. In the growth of plants, the forces of the solar ray—heat and light—are expended in decomposing (or de-oxidizing) carbonic acid and water, and in building up the living tissues from the liberated carbon and the other elements; all which force is given up when these tissues are consumed, either as fuel in ordinary combustion, or as food in animal combustion.

It is this animal combustion of the matter

of plants, and of animals (fed on plants)—namely the re-oxidation of carbon, hydrogen, &c.—that yields all the manifestations of power in the animal frame. And, in particular, it maintains (1) a certain warmth or temperature of the whole mass, against the cooling power of surrounding space; it maintains (2) mechanical energy, as muscular power; and it maintains (3) nervous power, or a certain flow of the influence circulating through the nerves, which circulation of influence, beside re-acting on the other animal processes—muscular, glandular, &c.—has for its distinguishing concomitant, the MIND.

The extension of the correlation of force to mind, if at all competent, must be made through the Nerve force, a genuine member of the correlated group. Very serious difficulties beset the proposal; but they are not insuperable.

The history of the doctrines relating to mind, as connected with body, is in the highest degree curious and instructive; but for the purpose of the present paper, we shall notice only certain leading stages of the speculation.

Not the least important position is the Aristotelian; a position in some respects sounder than what followed and grew out of it. In Aristotle, we have a kind of gradation from the life of plants to the highest form of human intelligence. In the following diagram, the continuous lines may represent the material substance, and the dotted lines the immaterial:—

## A. Soul of Plants.

———— Without consciousness.

## B. Animal Soul.

..... Body and mind inseparable.

## C. Human Soul — Nows — Intellect.

## I. Passive Intellect.

..... Body and mind inseparable.

## II. Active Intellect — Cognition of the highest principles.

..... Pure form; detached from matter; the prime mover of all; immortal.

All the phases of life and mind are inseparably interwoven with the body (which inseparability is Aristotle's definition of the soul) except the last, the active Nows or intellect, which is detached from corporeal matter, self-subsisting, the essence of Deity, and an immortal substance, although the immortality is not personal to the individual. (The immateriality of this higher intellectual agent was not, however, that thorough-going

negation of all material attributes which we now understand by the word "immaterial.") How such a self-subsisting and purely spiritual soul could hold communication with the body-leagued souls, Aristotle was at a loss to say: the difficulty re-appeared after him, and has never been got over. That there should be an agency totally apart from, and entirely transcending, any known powers of inert matter, involves no difficulty: for who is to limit the possibilities of existence? The perplexity arises only when this radically new and superior principle is made to be, as it were, off and on with the material principle; performing some of its functions in pure isolation, and others of an analogous kind by the aid of the lower principle. The difference between the active and the passive reason of Aristotle is a mere difference of gradation; the supporting agencies assumed by him are a total contrast in kind — wide as the poles asunder. There is no breach of continuity in the phenomena, there is an impassible chasm between their respective foundations.

Fifteen centuries after Aristotle, we reach what may be called the modern settlement of the relations of mind and body, effected by Thomas Aquinas. He extended the domain of the independent immaterial principle from the highest intellectual soul of Aristotle to all the three souls recognised by him — the vegetable or plant soul (without consciousness), the animal soul (with consciousness), and the intellect throughout. The two lower souls — the vegetable and the animal — need the co-operation of the body in this life: the intellect works without any bodily organ, except that it makes use of the perceptions of the senses.

A. *Vegetable or Nutritive Soul.*

..... Incorporates an immaterial part, although unconscious.

B. *Animal Soul.*

..... Has an immaterial part, with consciousness.

C. *Intellect.*

..... Purely immaterial.

The animal soul, B, contains sensation, appetite, and emotion, and is a mixed or two-sided entity; but the intellect, C, is a purely one-sided entity, the immaterial. This does not relieve our perplexities; the phenomena are still generically allied and continuous — sensation passes into intellect without any breach of continuity; but as regards the agencies, the transition from a

mixed or united material and immaterial substance to an immaterial substance apart, is a transition to a differently constituted world, to a transcendental sphere of existence.

The settlement of Aquinas governed all the schools and all the religious creeds until quite recent times; it is, for example, substantially the view of Bishop Butler. At the instance of modern physiology, however, it has undergone modifications. The dependence of purely intellectual operations, as memory, upon the material processes, has been reluctantly admitted by the partisans of an immaterial principle; an admission incompatible with the isolation of the intellect in Aristotle and in Aquinas. This more thorough-going connexion of the mental and the physical has led to a new form of expressing the relationship, which is nearer the truth, without being in my judgment, quite accurate. It is now often said *the mind and the body act upon each other*; that neither is allowed, so to speak, to pursue its course alone: there is a constant interference, a mutual influence between the two. This view is liable to the following objections: —

1. In the first place, it assumes that we are entitled to speak of mind apart from body, and to affirm its powers and properties in that separate capacity. But of mind apart from body we have no direct experience, and absolutely no knowledge. The wind may act upon the sea, and the waves may re-act upon the wind; but the agents are known in separation: they are seen to exist apart before the shock of collision; but we are not permitted to see a mind acting apart from its material companion.

2. In the second place, we have every reason for believing that there is an unbroken material succession, side by side with all our mental processes. From the ingress of a sensation to the outgoing responses in action, the mental succession is not for an instant dis severed from a physical succession. A new prospect bursts upon the view; there is a mental result of sensations, emotion, thought, terminating in outward displays of speech or gesture. Parallel to this mental series is the physical series of facts, the successive agitation of the physical organs, called the eye, the retina, the optic nerve, optic centres, cerebral hemispheres, outgoing nerves, muscles, &c. There is an unbroken physical circle of effects, maintained while we go the round of the mental circle of sensation, emotion, and thought. It would be incompatible with everything we know of the

cerebral action, to suppose that the physical chain ends abruptly in a physical void, occupied by an immaterial substance; which immaterial substance, after working alone, imparts its results to the other edge of the physical break, and determines the active response,—two shores of the material with an intervening ocean of the immaterial. There is, in fact, no rupture of nervous continuity. The only tenable supposition is, that mental and physical proceed together, as undivided twins. When, therefore, we speak of a mental cause, a mental agency, we have always a two-sided cause: the effect produced is not the effect of mind alone, but of mind in company with body. That mind should have operated on the body is as much as to say that a two-sided phenomenon, one side being bodily, can influence the body; it is, after all, body acting upon body. When a shock of fear paralyses digestion, it is not the emotion of fear in the abstract, or as a pure mental existence, that does the harm: it is the emotion in company with a peculiarly excited condition of the brain and nervous system; and it is this condition of the brain that deranges the stomach. When physical nourishment, or a physical stimulant, acting through the blood, quiets the mental irritation, and restores a cheerful tone, it is not a bodily fact causing a mental fact by a direct line of causation: the nourishment and the stimulus determine the circulation of blood to the brain, give a new direction to the nerve currents; and the mental condition corresponding to this particular mode of cerebral action henceforth manifests itself. The line of mental sequence is thus, not mind causing body, and body causing mind, but mind-body giving birth to mind-body; a much more intelligible position. For this double or conjoint causation, we can produce evidence; for the single-handed causation, we have no evidence.

If it were not my peculiar province to endeavour to clear up the specially metaphysical difficulties of the relationship of mind and body, I would pass over what is to me the most puzzling circumstance of the relationship, and indeed the only real difficulty in the question.

I say the real difficulty, for factitious difficulties in abundance have been made out of the subject. It is made a mystery how mental functions and bodily functions should be allied together at all. That, however, is no business of ours; we accept this alliance as we do any other alliance, such as gravity with inert matter, or light with heat. As a fact of the universe, the union is, pro-

perly speaking, just as acceptable, and as intelligible, as the separation would be, if that were the fact. The real difficulty is quite another thing.

What I have in view is this: when I speak of mind as allied with body, with a brain and its nerve currents, I can scarcely avoid *localizing* the mind, giving it a local habitation. I am thereupon asked to explain what always puzzled the schoolmen, namely, whether the mind is all in every part, or only all in the whole; whether, in tapping any point, I may come at consciousness, or whether the whole mechanism is wanted for the smallest portion of consciousness. One might perhaps turn the question by the analogy of the telegraph-wire, or the electric-circuit, and say that a complete circle of action is necessary to any mental manifestation; which is probably true. But this does not meet the case. The fact is, that, all this time that we are speaking of nerves and wires, we are not speaking of mind, properly so called, at all; we are putting forward physical facts that go along with it; but these physical facts are not the mental fact, and they even preclude us from thinking of the mental fact. We are in this fix: mental states and bodily states are utterly contrasted; they cannot be compared, they have nothing in common except the most general of all attributes, degree, and order in time: when engaged with one, we must be oblivious of all that distinguishes the other. When I am studying a brain and nerve communicating, I am engrossed with properties exclusively belonging to the object or material world; I am at that moment (except by very rapid transitions or alterations) unable to conceive a truly mental fact, my truly mental consciousness. Our mental experience, our feelings and thoughts, have no extension, no place, no form or outline, no mechanical division of parts; and we are incapable of attending to anything mental until we shut off the view of all that. Walking in the country in spring, our mind is occupied with the foliage, the bloom and the grassy meads, all purely objective things: we are suddenly and strongly arrested by the odour of the May-blossom; we give way for a moment to the sensation of sweetness: for that moment the objective regards cease; we think of nothing extended, we are in a state where extension has no footing; there is, to us, place no longer. Such states are of short duration, mere fits, glimpses; they are constantly shifted and alternated with object states; but, while they last and have their full power, we are in a different world; the material world is

blotted out, eclipsed, for the instant unthinkable. These subject-moments are studied to advantage in bursts of intense pleasure or intense pain, in fits of engrossed reflection, especially reflection upon mental facts; but they are seldom sustained in purity beyond a very short interval; we are constantly returning to the object side of things, to the world where extension and place have their being.

This, then, as it appears to me, is the only real difficulty of the physical and mental relationship. There is an alliance with matter, with the object or extended world; but the thing allied, the mind proper, has itself no extension, and cannot be joined in local union. Now, we have no form of language, no familiar analogy, suited to this unique conjunction: in comparison with all ordinary unions, it is a paradox or a contradiction. We understand union in the sense of local connexion; here is a union where local connexion is irrelevant, unsuitable, contradictory, for we cannot think of mind without putting ourselves out of the world of place. When, as in pure feeling, — pleasure or pain, — we change to the subject attitude from the object attitude, we have undergone a change not to be expressed by place; the fact is not properly described by the transition from the *external* to the *internal*, for that is still a change in the region of the extended. The only adequate expression is a *change of state*, — a change from the state of the extended cognition to a state of unextended cognition. By various theologians, heaven has been spoken of as not a place, but a *state*; and this is the only phrase that I can find suitable to describe the vast, though familiar and easy, transition from the material or extended, to the immaterial or unextended side of the universe of being.

When, therefore, we talk of incorporating mind with brain, we must be held as speaking under an important reserve or qualification. Asserting the union in the strongest manner, we must yet deprive it of the almost invincible association of union in place. An extended organism is the condition of our passing into a state where there is no extension. A human being is an extended and material thing, attached to which is the power of becoming alive to feeling and thought, the extreme remove from all that is material; a condition of *trance* wherein, while it lasts, the material drops out of view, — so much so, that we have not the power to represent the two extremes as lying side by side, as container and contained, or in any other mode of local conjunction.

The condition of our existing thoroughly in the one is the momentary eclipse or extinction of the other.

The only mode of union that is not contradictory is the union of close succession in *time*; or of position in a continued thread of conscious life. We are entitled to say that the same being is, by alternate fits, object and subject, under extended and under unextended consciousness; and that, without the extended consciousness, the unextended would not arise. Without certain peculiar modes of the extended, — what we call a cerebral organization, and so on, — we could not have those times of *trance*, our pleasures, our pains, and our ideas, which at present we undergo fitfully, and alternately with our extended consciousness.

Having thus called attention to the metaphysical difficulty of assigning the relative position of mind and matter, I will now state briefly what I think the mode of dealing with mind in correlation with the other forces. That there is a definite equivalence between mental manifestations and physical forces, the same as between the physical forces themselves, is, I think, conformable to all the facts, although liable to peculiar difficulties in the way of decisive proof.

I. The mental manifestations are in exact proportion to their physical supports.

If the doctrine of the thorough-going connexion of mind and body is good for anything, it must go this length. There must be a numerically-proportioned rise and fall of the two together. I believe that all the unequivocal facts bear out this proportion.

Take first the more obvious illustrations. In the employment of external agents, as warmth and food, all will admit that the sensation rises exactly as the stimulant rises, until a certain point is reached, when the agency changes its character; too great heat destroying the tissues, and too much food impeding digestion. There is, although we may not have the power to fix it, a *sensational equivalent* of heat, of food, of exercise, of sound, of light; there is a definite change of feeling, an accession of pleasure or of pain, corresponding to a rise of temperature in the air of 10 deg., 20 deg., or 30 deg. And so with regard to every other agent operating upon the human sensibility: there is, in each set of circumstances, a sensational equivalent of alcohol, of odours, of music, of spectacle.

It is this definite relation between outward agents and the human feelings that renders it possible to discuss human interests

from the objective side, the only accessible side. We cannot read the feelings of our fellows; we merely presume that like agents will affect them all in nearly the same way. It is thus that we measure men's fortunes and felicity by the numerical amount of certain agents, as money, and by the absence or low degree of certain other agents, the causes of pain and the depressors of vitality. And although the estimate is somewhat rough, this is not owing to the indefiniteness of the sensational equivalent, but to the complications of the human system, and chiefly to the narrowness of the line that everywhere divides the wholesome from the unwholesome degrees of all stimulants.

Let us next represent the equivalence under vital or physiological action. The chief organ concerned is the brain; of which we know that it is a system of myriads of connecting threads, ramifying, uniting, and crossing at innumerable points; that these threads are actuated or made alive with a current influence called the nerve force; that this nerve force is a member of the group of correlated forces; that it is immediately derived from the changes in the blood, and, in the last resort, from oxidation or combustion of the materials of the food, of which combustion it is a definite equivalent. We know, farther, that there can be no feeling, no volition, no intellect, without a proper supply of blood, containing both oxygen and the materials to be oxidized; that, as the blood is richer in quality in regard to these constituents and more abundant in quantity, the mental processes are more intense, more vivid. We know also that there are means of increasing the circulation in one organ, and drawing it off from another, chiefly by calling the one into greater exercise, as when we exert the muscles or convey food to the stomach; and that, when mental processes are more than usually intensified, the blood is proportionally drawn to the brain; the oxidizing process is there in excess, with corresponding defect and detriment in other organs. In high mental excitement, digestion is stopped; muscular vigour is abated except in the one form of giving vent to the feelings, thoughts, and purposes; the general nutrition languishes; and, if the state were long-continued or oft-repeated, the physical powers, strictly so called, would rapidly deteriorate. We know, on the other extreme, that sleep is accompanied by reduced circulation in the brain; there is in fact a reduced circulation generally; while of that reduced amount more

goes to the nutritive functions than to the cerebral.

In listening to Dr. Frankland's lecture on Muscular Power, delivered last year at the Royal Institution of London, I noticed that, in accounting for the various items of expenditure of the food, he gave "mental work" as one heading, but declined to make an entry therein-under. I can imagine two reasons for this reserve, the statement of which will further illustrate the general position. In the first place, it might be supposed that mind is a phenomenon so anomalous, uncertain, so remote from the chain of material cause and effect, that it is not even to be mentioned in that connexion. To which I should say, that mind is indeed, as a phenomenon, widely different from the physical forces, but nevertheless, rises and falls in strict numerical concomitance with these: so that it still enters, if not directly, at least indirectly, into the circle of the correlated forces. Or secondly, the lecturer may have held, that, though a definite amount of the mental manifestations accompanies a definite amount of oxidation in the special organs of mind, there is no means of reducing this to a measure, even in an approximate way. To this I answer, that the thing is difficult, but not entirely impracticable. There is a possibility of giving, approximately at least, the amount of blood circulating in the brain in the ordinary waking state; and as, during a period of intense excitement, we know that there is a general reduction, almost to paralysis, of the collective vital functions, we could not be far mistaken in saying that in that case, perhaps one-half or one-third of all the oxidation of the body was expended in keeping up the cerebral fires.

It is a very serious drawback in any department of knowledge, where there are relations of quantity, to be unable to reduce them to numerical precision. This is the case with mind in a great degree, although not with it alone: many physical qualities are in the same state of unprecise measurement. We cannot reduce to numbers the statement of a man's constitutional vigour, so as to say how much he has lost by fatigue, by disease, by age, or how much he has gained by a certain healthy regimen. Undoubtedly, however, it is in mind that the difficulties of attaining the numerical statement are greatest, if not nearly insuperable. When we say that one man is more courageous, more loving, more irascible, than another, we apply a scale of degree, existing in our own mind, but so vague that we may apply it differently at different times, while we

can hardly communicate it to others exactly as it stands to ourselves. The consequence is, that a great margin of allowance must always be made in those statements: we can never run a close argument, or contend for a nice shade of distinction. Between the extremes of timidity and courage of character, the best observer could not entertain above seven or eight varieties of gradation, while two different persons consulting together could hardly agree upon so minute a subdivision as that. The phrenologists, in their scale of qualities, had the advantage of an external indication of size, but they must have felt the uselessness of graduating this beyond the delicacy of discriminating the subjective side of character; and their extreme scale included twenty steps or interpolations.

Making allowance for this inevitable defect, I will endeavour to present a series of illustrations of the principle of correlation as applied to mind, in the manner explained. I deal not with mind directly, but with its material side, with whose activity, measured exactly as we measure the other physical forces, true mental activity has a definite correspondence.

Let us suppose, then, a human being with average physical constitution, in respect of nutritive vigour, and fairly supplied with food and with air, or oxygen. The result of the oxidation of the food is a definite total of force, which may be variously distributed. The demand made by the brain to sustain the purely mental functions may be below average, or above average; there will be a corresponding but inverse variation of the remainder available for the more strictly physical processes, as muscular power, digestive power, animal heat, and so on.

In the first case supposed, the case of a small demand for mental work and excitement, we look for, and we find, a better physique, greater muscular power and endurance, more vigour of digestion, rendering a coarser food sufficient for nourishment, more resistance to excesses of cold and heat; in short, a constitution adapted to physical drudgery and physical hardship.

Take now the other extreme. Let there be a great demand for mental work. The oxidation must now be disproportionately expended in the brain; less is given to the muscles, the stomach, the lungs, the skin, and secreting organs generally. There is a reduction of the possible muscular work, and of the ability to subsist on coarser food, and to endure hardship. Experience confirms this inference; the common observa-

tion of mankind has recognised the fact — although in a vague, unsteady form — that the head worker is not equally fitted to be a hand worker. The master, mistress, or overseer has each more delicacy of sense, more management, more resource, than the manual operatives; but to these belongs the superiority of muscular power and persistence.

There is nothing incompatible with the principle in allowing the possibility of combining, under certain favourable conditions, both physical and mental exertion in considerable amount. In fact, the principle teaches us exactly how the thing may be done. Improve the quality and increase the quantity of the food; increase the supply of oxygen by healthy residence; let the habitual muscular exertion be such as to strengthen, and not impair, the functions; abate as much as possible all excesses and irregularities, bodily and mental; add the enormous economy of an educated disposal of the forces; and you will develop a higher being, a *greater aggregate of power*. You will then have more to spare for all kinds of expenditure — for the physico-mental, as well as for the strictly physical. What other explanation is needed of the military superiority of the officer over the common soldier? of the general efficiency of the man nourished, but not enervated, by worldly abundance?

It may be possible, at some future stage of scientific inquiry, to compute the comparative amount of oxidation in the brain during severe mental labour. Even now, from obvious facts, we must pronounce it to be a very considerable fraction of the entire work done in the system. The privation of the other interests during mental exertion is so apparent, so extensive, that, if the exertion should happen to be long continued, a liberal atonement has to be made in order to stave off general insolvency. Mental excess counts as largely as muscular excess in the diversion of power: it would be competent to suppose either the one or the other reducing the remaining forces of the system to one-half of their proper amount. In both cases, the work of restoration must be on the same simple plan of redressing the inequality, of allowing more than the average flow of blood to the impoverished organs, for a length of time corresponding to the period when their nourishment has been too small. It is in this consideration that we seem to have the reasonable, I may say the arithmetical, basis of the constitutional treatment of chronic disease. We *repay the debt to nature* by allowing the

weakened organ to be better nourished and less taxed, according to the degradation it has undergone by the opposite line of treatment. In a large class of diseases we have obviously a species of insolvency, to be dealt with according to the sound method of readjusting the relations of expenditure and income. And, if such be the true theory, it seems to follow that medication is only an inferior adjunct. Drugs, even in their happiest application, can but guide and favour the restorative process; just as the stirring of a fire may make it burn, provided there be the needful fuel.

There is thus a definite, although not numerically-statable relation, between the total of the physico-mental forces and the total of the purely physical processes. The grand aggregate of the oxidation of the system includes both; and, the more the force taken up by one, the less is left to the other. Such is the statement of the correlation of mind to the other forces of Nature. We do not deal with pure mind, — mind in the abstract; we have no experience of an entity of that description. We deal with a compound or two-sided phenomenon — mental on one side, physical on the other; there is a definite correspondence in degree, although a difference of nature, between the two sides; and the physical side is itself in full correlation with the recognized physical forces of the world.

II. There remains another application of the doctrine, perhaps equally interesting to contemplate, and more within my special line of study. I mean the correlation of the mental forces among themselves (still viewed in the conjoint arrangement). Just as we assign limits to mind as a whole, by a reference to the grant of physical expenditure, in oxidation, &c., for the department, so we must assign limits to the different phases or modes of mental work — thought, feeling, and so on — according to the share allotted to each; so that, while the mind as a whole may be stinted by the demands of the non-mental functions, each separate manifestation is bounded by the requirements of the others. This is an inevitable consequence of the general principle, and equally receives the confirmation of experience. There is the same absence of numerical precision of estimate; our scale of quantity can have but few divisions between the highest and the lowest degrees, and these not well fixed.

What is required for this application of the principle is, to ascertain the comparative cost, in the physical point of view, of the different functions of the mind.

The great divisions of the mind are, Feeling, Will, and Thought, — Feeling, seen in our pleasures and pains; Will, in our labours to attain the one, and avoid the other; Thought, in our sensations, ideas, recollections, reasonings, imaginings, and so on. Now, the forces of the mind, with their physical supports, may be evenly or unevenly distributed over the three functions. They may go by preference either to feeling, to action, or to thinking; and, if more is given to one, less must remain to the others, the entire quantity being limited.

First as to the Feelings. Every throb of pleasure costs something to the physical system; and two throbs cost twice as much as one. If we cannot fix a precise equivalent it is not because the relation is not definite, but from the difficulties of reducing degrees of pleasure to a recognized standard. Of this, however, there can be no reasonable doubt, — namely, that a large amount of pleasure supposes a corresponding large expenditure of blood and nerve tissue, to the stinting, perhaps, of the active energies, and the intellectual processes. It is a matter of practical moment to ascertain what pleasures cost least; for there are thrifty and unthrifty modes of spending our brain and heart's blood. Experience probably justifies us in saying that the narcotic stimulants are, in general, a more extravagant expenditure than the stimulation of food, society, and fine art. One of the safest of delights, if not very acute, is the delight of abounding physical vigour; for from the very supposition, the supply to the brain is not such as to interfere with the general interests of the system. But the theory of pleasure is incomplete without the theory of pain.

As a rule, pain is a more costly experience than pleasure, although sometimes economical as a check to the spendthrift pleasures. Pain is physically accompanied by an excess of blood in the brain, from at least two causes, — extreme intensity of nervous action, and conflicting currents, both being sources of waste. The sleeplessness of the pained condition means that the circulation is never allowed to subside from the brain; the irritation maintains energetic currents, which bring the blood copiously to the parts affected.

There is a possibility of excitement of considerable amount, without either pleasure or pain; the cost here is simply as the excitement; mere surprises may be of this nature. Such excitement has no value, except intellectually; it may detain the thoughts, and impress the memory; but it is not a final end of our being as pleasure is,

and it does not waste power to the extent that pain does. The ideally best condition is a moderate surplus of pleasure — a gentle glow, not rising into brilliancy or intensity, except at considerable intervals (say a small portion of every day), falling down frequently to indifference, but seldom sinking into pain.

Attendant on strong feeling, especially in constitutions young or robust, there is usually a great amount of mere bodily vehemence, as gesticulation, play of countenance, of voice, and so on. This counts as muscular work, and is an addition to the brain work. Properly speaking, the cerebral currents discharge themselves in movements, and are modified according to the scope given to those movements. Resistance to the movements is liable to increase the conscious activity of the brain, although a continuing resistance may suppress the entire wave.

Next as to the Will, or our voluntary labours and pursuits for the great ends of obtaining pleasure, and warding off pain. This part of our system is a compound experience of feeling and movement; the properly mental fact being included under feeling — that is, pleasure and pain, present or imagined. When our voluntary endeavours are successful, a distinct throb of pleasure is the result, which counts among our valuable enjoyments: when they fail, a painful and depressing state ensues. The more complicated operations of the will, as in adjusting many opposite interests, bring in the element of conflict, which is always painful and wasting. Two strong stimulants pointing opposite ways, as when a miser has to pay a high fee to the surgeon that saves his eyesight, occasion a fierce struggle and severe draft upon the physical supports of the feelings.

Although the processes of feeling all involve a manifest, and, it may be, a serious expenditure of physical power, which of course is lost to the purely physical functions; and although the extreme degrees of pleasure, of pain, or of neutral excitement must be adverse to the general vigour: yet the presumption is that we can afford a certain moderate share of all these without too great inroads on the other interests. It is the thinking or intellectual part of us that involves the heaviest item of expenditure in the physico-mental department. Anything like a great or general cultivation of the powers of thought, or any occupation that severely and continuously brings them into play, will induce such a preponderance

of cerebral activity, in oxidation and in nerve-currents, as to disturb the balance of life, and to require special arrangements for redeeming that disturbance. This is fully verified by all we know of the tendency of intellectual application to exhaust the physical powers, and to bring on early decay.

A careful analysis of the operations of the intellect enables us to distinguish the kind of exercises that involve the greatest expenditure, from the extent and the intensity of the cerebral occupation. I can but make a rapid selection of leading points.

First. The mere exercise of the senses, in the way of attention, with a view to watch, to discriminate, to identify, belongs to the intellectual function, and exhausts the powers according as it is long continued, and according to the delicacy of the operation; the meaning of delicacy being that an exaggerated activity of the organ is needed to make the required discernment. To be all day on the *qui vive* for some very slight and barely perceptible indications to the eye or the ear, as in catching an indistinct speaker, is an exhausting labour of attention.

Secondly. The work of acquisition is necessarily a process of great nervous expenditure. Unintentional imitation costs least, because there is no forcing of reluctant attention. But a course of extensive and various acquisitions cannot be maintained without a large supply of blood to cement all the multifarious connexions of the nerve-fibres, constituting the physical side of acquisition. An abated support of other mental functions; as well as of the purely physical functions, must accompany a life devoted to mental improvement, whether arts, languages, sciences, moral restraints, or other culture.

Of special acquisitions, languages are the most apparently voluminous; but the memory for visible or pictorial aspects, if very high, as in the painter and the picturesque poet, makes a prodigious demand upon the plastic combinations of the brain.

The acquisition of science is severe, rather than multifarious; it glories in comprehending much in little, but that little is made up of painful abstract elements, every one of which, in the last resort, must have at its beck a host of explanatory particulars; so that, after all, the burden lies in the multitude. If science is easy to a select number of minds, it is because there is a large spontaneous determination of force to the cerebral elements that support it; which force is applied by the limited com-

mon fund, and leaves so much the less for other uses.

If we advert to the moral acquisitions and habits in a well-regulated mind, we must admit the need of a large expenditure to build up the fabric. The carefully-poised estimate of good and evil for self, the ever-present sense of the interests of others, and the ready obedience to all the special ordinances that make up the morality of the time, however truly expressed in terms of high and abstract spirituality, have their counterpart in the physical organism; they have used up a large and definite amount of nutriment, and, had they been less developed, there would have been a gain of power to some other department, mental or physical.

Refraining from further detail on this head, I close the illustration by a brief reference to one other aspect of mental expenditure, namely, the department of intellectual production, execution, or creativeness, to which in the end our acquired powers are ministerial. Of course, the greater the mere continuance or amount of intellectual labour in business, speculation, fine art, or anything else, the greater the demand on the physique. But amount is not all. There are notorious differences of severity or laboriousness, which, when closely examined, are summed up in one comprehensive statement — namely, the number, the variety, and the conflicting nature of the conditions that have to be fulfilled. By this we explain the difficulty of work, the toil of invention, the harassment of adaptation, the worry of leadership, the responsibility of high office, the severity of a lofty ideal, the distraction of numerous sympathies, the meritoriousness of sound judgment, the arduousness of any great virtue. The physical facts underlying the mental fact are a wide spread agitation of the cerebral currents, a tumultuous conflict, a consumption of energy.

It is this compliance with numerous and opposing conditions that obtains the most scanty justice in our appreciation of character. The unknown amount of painful suppression that a cautious thinker, a careful writer, or an artist of fine taste, has gone through, represents a great physico-mental expenditure. The regard to evidence is a heavy drag on the wings of speculative daring. The greater the number of interests that a political schemer can throw overboard, the easier his work of construction.

The absence of restraints, of severe conditions, in fine art, allows a flush and ebullience, an opulence of production, that is often called the highest genius. The Shakespearian profusion of images would have been reduced to one-half, if not less, by the self-imposed restraints of Pope, Gray, or Tennyson. So, reckless assertion is fuel to eloquence. A man of ordinary fairness of mind would be no match for the wit and epigram of Swift.

And again. The incompatibility of diverse attributes, even in minds of the largest compass (which supposes equally large physical resources), belongs to the same fundamental law. A great mind may be great in many things, because the same kind of power may have numerous applications. The scientific mind of a high order is also the practical mind; it is the essence of reason in every mode of its manifestation — the true philosopher in conduct as well as in knowledge. On such a mind also, a certain amount of artistic culture may be superinduced; its powers of acquisition may be extended so far. But the spontaneous, exuberant, imaginative flow, the artistic nature at the core, never was, cannot be, included in the same individual. Aristotle could not be also a tragic poet, nor Newton a third-rate portrait-painter. The cost of one of the two modes of intellectual greatness is all that can be borne by the most largely-endowed personality; any appearances to the contrary are hollow and delusive.

Other instances could be given. Great activity and great sensibility are extreme phases, each using a large amount of power, and therefore scarcely to be coupled in the same system. The active, energetic man, loving activity for its own sake, moving in every direction, wants the delicate circumspection of another man who does not love activity for its own sake, but is energetic only at the spur of his special ends.

And once more. Great intellect as a whole is not readily united with a large emotional nature. The incompatibility is best seen by inquiring whether men of overflowing sociability are deep and original thinkers, great discoverers, accurate inquirers, great organizers in affairs; or whether their greatness is not limited to the spheres where feeling performs a part — poetry eloquence, and social ascendancy.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE SOCIAL ERA OF GEORGE III.

THE reign of George III., as usually described in history, presents us with little else than a continuous narrative of fierce party struggles at home, and of long and sanguinary foreign wars in all parts of the world. Two historians indeed, both of them painstaking writers, have, within the last few years, stepped in this respect slightly out of the beaten track. Lord Stanhope first, and after him Mr. Massey, saw the importance of at least touching on the inner life of the nation, and each has, in consequence, devoted a separate chapter to the discussion of other points than those of foreign and domestic policy. Even they, however, treat this portion of their subject with less breadth of detail than its importance seems to deserve. They describe some of the customs of a bygone age, and describe them well; but the picture which they paint is far from complete; and they fail to show by what process it assumed by degrees, like a dissolving view at a theatre, a new aspect. Even Mr. Jesse, whom the greater freedom afforded to a biographer might have tempted to take a course of his own, has not, according to our judgment in the matter, quite come up with the point which was accessible to him. He gives us, it is true, pleasant glimpses of the domestic habits of the royal household, and exposes, without circumlocution, the low state of morals which prevailed a hundred years ago among the aristocracy. But of the marvellous changes which were going on under the hero of his tale in the constitution of English society at large, and of the causes to which they are attributable, even he takes little or no notice. We propose in the following pages to supply in, some degree what we do not find in his pleasant pages, not because we desire to censure him for turning aside from investigations the pursuit of which might have carried him outside the plan on which he proposed to construct his work, but because the student of his agreeable volumes will scarcely derive from them all the instruction with which they are fraught, unless he know something more than Mr. Jesse tells him of what England was, while those sixty years were running their course during which the Government of this country was carried on in the name and under the authority of George III.

We must begin by reminding our readers that the incidents which mainly determine whether nations are to be accounted civil-

ised or the reverse are the condition of their roads, the state of their agriculture, and the means of transport available, at all times, and under everyday contingencies, for the conveyance of goods and of persons from one point within the country to another. Wherever you find these three conditions of social existence in good order, there you may be sure that you are not sojourning with barbarians. There may be no high standard of art and literature among them; their manners, in the common intercourse of life, may be rough; and even in the views which they entertain of moral and religious requirements, you may encounter a good deal which offends your more just perception of what is right. But the people as a people are lifted above the line which divides civilisation from barbarism; they have made the first and certainly the most important advances towards national refinement. On the other hand, wherever these three conditions of social existence are in bad order, there, you may depend upon it, you have fallen among a rude people. Their country may have produced great writers, great artists, learned divines, philosophers, and scholars; and luxury may abound in their capital as it abounded long ago in Rome. But the people, as a people, are essentially rude; they have yet the first and most important steps to take in the direction of national refinement.

When George III. mounted the throne, England, so far as regarded the state of its roads, its agriculture, and means of internal transport, was, if not the most backward, certainly one of the most backward of European countries. In respect to roads it had decidedly fallen far behind the condition in which the Romans left it. The long straight causeways of that marvellous people, taking no account of levels, but passing sheer from point to point, were all but obliterated, and nothing hard, solid, or fit to bear the pressure of travel, had then, or for centuries before, taken their place. Here and there, indeed, as on the Wiltshire downs, the moors of Devonshire, and the Yorkshire wolds, stone blocks laid down irregularly on the surface of the ground, enabled men and horses to pick their way, even in winter, from one town or village to another. But wherever the old Roman roads were lost in other parts of the country, nothing was brought in to supply their place, and travelling became, in consequence, not only difficult and dangerous, but well-nigh impossible.

It is not our business to describe in detail how feeble were the attempts made

long ago by legislation and royal authority to correct this evil. As early as 1285, a law was passed directing the bushes and trees to be cleared away from either side of the highways, to a distance of two hundred feet, for the avowed purpose of preventing robbers from lying in ambush. But for the construction of roads themselves no orders were given, and these became in consequence, wherever they existed at all, exactly what the amount of traffic upon each happened to make it. Hence, two centuries later, the footway at the entrance of Temple Bar was become so choked by thickets and bushes as to be all but impassable; indeed it was not till the accession of William and Mary that anything whatever was done to enforce the establishment of means of intercommunication between either the capital and the provinces, or one provincial town and another. Then the Statute of Labour, as it is called, was first passed. This threw upon parishes the burden of maintaining such roads as were already marked out. But besides that the law made no requisition for new roads, so little was it regarded in its effect upon the old roads that in Queen Anne's reign, and down to the demise of George II., the traveller who in winter approached London from the west, was in danger of sinking, even when he got to Knightsbridge, up to his saddle-girths in mud. Nor, as may be supposed, were the facilities of travel greater in the provinces than near the capital. In the neighbourhood of Birmingham, where the soil is sandy, successive generations of men and horses cut down the paths here and there to a depth of many feet below the surface — one of which, by-the-by, still existing, and known as Holloway Head, tells its own story, even though in part the hollow has been filled in. In like manner Holloway parish in London speaks of the condition in which the way or road used to be, from which the parish takes its name. As to Sussex, Fuller tells us that in his day the roads were such that an old lady, a friend of his, used to be dragged in her coach to church by six oxen. So also Cowley, the poet, encourages his friend Spratt to visit him in Chertsey, by showing that he might sleep the first night in Hampton town, and reach him in time for supper the day following. And thus things continued with very little improvement down to the middle of the eighteenth century. Lord Hervey, writing from Kensington in 1736, complains that "the road between this place and London is grown so infamously bad, that we are here in the same solitude as we would be if cast on a rock in the

middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us that there is between them and us an impassable gulf of mud." And that Lord Hervey scarcely overcoloured his picture, is shown by the fact that when Queen Caroline passed from St. James's Palace to Kensington, she spent two hours on the journey in bad weather, and that over and over again the royal carriage stuck fast or was upset by the wheel getting into a rut. Nor were the streets of London themselves in a much better plight. Open kennels ran in the middle of them, which, when the rain came down, flooded them altogether, leaving, on the subsidence of the waters, a sea of mud, through which (for there were no sidewalks or flagstones), passengers on foot had to pick their way, and to pick it after nightfall in the dark, for street-lamps there were none.

Over roads of this description, the only practicable mode of travelling was on foot or on horseback. The poor walked, the rich rode. The judges rode the circuits, and the bar walked or rode, according as their circumstances authorised. Ladies sat on pillions, with their arms round the gentlemen or servingmen who rode before them. Queen Elizabeth made most of her journeys in this fashion, and entered the city in state sitting on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor. She was provided, indeed, in the course of her reign with a coach, which, like the Roman carriages, was destitute of springs, the body resting upon solid axles. But so severe was the jolting that, except on state occasions, the coach never came with her into use, nor was it for many years after her reign adopted even by the great nobility. The horse-litter conveyed ladies who were too delicate to go through a journey on horseback, and the pillion did service with the more robust.

Meanwhile, what little traffic in goods was carried on between one part of the realm and another was carried on entirely by packhorses. Corn and wool went to market in creels. Manure was carried to the fields in the same way; and in the same way from moss or forest fuel was conveyed to towns, villages, and private houses. Even the little coal which was used in the southern counties could only be transported in panniers from the seashore or navigable rivers inland. In a country so circumstanced it was out of the question that manufactures of any kind could flourish. It was cheaper to import foreign wares into London by sea than to bring them on horses' backs from the interior. And elsewhere

than in London people were content to do without articles which are now regarded as indispensable, even to the poorest. For example, a hundred and fifty years ago vessels of wood, pewter, and even of leather, formed the chief part of the household and table utensils in opulent families. Clothing, glass, "delft," cutlery, paper, even hats, all came from France, Germany, and Holland; and most of these, like plate in silver and gold, were in common use only among the titled and untitled nobility.

Commercial intercourse there was, however, of a certain kind even then between the capital and the provinces, and between one provincial town and another. At the time when Smollett made his famous journey from Glasgow to London, this was carried on partly in waggons, more frequently by packhorses. The latter were used principally for purposes of trade — the former had begun to carry passengers likewise; and of both modes of conveyance Smollett, like the Roderick Random of his story, made trial. The packhorses went in long strings, one following the other, pretty much as in the present day mules traverse Spain; and in England in 1753, as in Spain in 1867, the leading beast, because he was remarkable for his sagacity, bore a bell, or a collar of bells, wherewith to guide aright those that followed. We find in that amusing work 'The Original,' a passage which explains so accurately the circumstances under which this species of internal trade was carried on, that we cannot do better than transfer it to our own pages:—

"I have, by tradition, the mode of carrying on the home-trade by one of the principal merchants of Manchester, who was born at the commencement of the last century, and who realized a sufficient fortune to keep a carriage, when not half-a-dozen were kept in the town by persons connected with business. He sent the manufactures of the place into Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and the intervening counties, and principally took in exchange feathers from Lincolnshire, and malt from Cambridgeshire and Nottinghamshire. All his commodities were conveyed on packhorses, and he was from home the greater part of every year, performing his journeys entirely on horseback. His balances were received in guineas, and were carried with him in his saddle-bags. He was exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, to great labour and fatigue, and to constant danger. In Lincolnshire he travelled chiefly along bridle-ways, through fields where frequent gibbets warned him of his perils, and where flocks of wild-fowl

continually darkened the air. Business carried on in this manner required a combination of personal attention, courage, and physical strength not to be looked for in a deputy; and a merchant then led a much more severe and irksome life than a bag-man afterwards, still more than a 'traveller' of the present day. In the earlier days of the merchant above mentioned, the wine-merchant who supplied Manchester resided at Preston, then always called Prond Preston, because exclusively inhabited by gentry. The wine was carried on horses, and a gallon was considered a large order."

Allusion has been made in this extract to the perils of the road, and to the frequent gibbets which warned the travelling merchants, in the midland and northern counties, to keep constantly upon their guard. It was not, however, in the midland and northern districts of England exclusively that the practice of highway robbery was of frequent occurrence. While Turpin and Bradshaw made the Great North Road the scene of their operations, Duval, Macheath, Macbain, and many more infested Hours slow Heath, Finchley Common, Shooten-Hill, and other approaches to the capital. Many bodies of highwaymen, hung in chains, ornamented most of these approaches; yet the example failed to deter from constant repetitions of the offence which had cost these men their lives. Nobody thought, indeed, a hundred years ago, of setting out upon a journey, whether he travelled by coach or on horseback, without getting his firearms ready; and the circumstance of having used them effectively, and beaten off or killed a robber, gained for a gentleman almost as proud a name as the soldier acquires now by winning the Victorial Cross. The following story of John, Earl Berkeley, is not new, but we give it as well illustrating the manners of the times of which we are writing.

Lord Berkeley, it appears, had often expressed his surprise at the success with which the noted highwaymen of the day carried on their operations. He especially blamed gentlemen who gave up their purses, except when attacked by superior numbers, and said that he should be ashamed to appear in public if ever he allowed himself to be robbed by a single highwayman. The knights of the road, as they called themselves, and were called by others, appear to have possessed one of the qualities which are essential to make up the character of a great commander. Their intelligence was excellent, and the speeches of Lord Berkeley soon got abroad among them. These touched their honour, and it was determined

that the earliest possible opportunity should be taken of compelling the boastful Peer to eat his words. Accordingly, when he was crossing Hounslow Heath one night in his carriage, he was suddenly roused from a slumber into which he had fallen by finding that the carriage was stopped, and that a strange face looked in upon him through the window while a pistol was presented at his breast. "So, my lord," said the face, "I have you now. You have often boasted that you would not be robbed. Deliver, or take this." "No more I would," replied Lord Berkeley, coolly, at the same time putting his hand into his pocket as if to find his purse, "if it were not for that fellow peeping over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round to look; it was a false move; Lord Berkeley drew out, not his purse, but a pistol, and shot the man dead on the spot.

It was not, however, by mounted cavaliers exclusively, and in the open country, that in the early days of George III. deeds of violence were done upon the road. Foot-passengers, proceeding after dark towards Kensington and Paddington, would wait till they mustered in sufficient strength to set robbers at defiance; and the proprietors of Belsize House and Gardens, of Sadlers Wells, Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, encouraged Londoners to come to those places of amusement by advertising that "during the season the roads would be patrolled by twelve lusty fellows."

It was, we believe, the astounding success, both of the advance and the retreat of the Highland army in 1745, which first drew the serious attention of the English Government to the condition of the roads. The Highlanders, active, lithe, and little encumbered with baggage, made their way to Derby and back again with ease, while the armies opposed to them, with their cavalry, and guns, moved both slowly and painfully as well in manœuvre as in pursuit. It was determined to make an effort towards correcting the evil, and a beginning was effected in the north. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1765, authorized a road to be constructed between Harrogate and Borough-bridge, and turnpike gates to be set up for levying tolls on horses, cattle, and wheel-carriages. John Metcalfe of Knaresborough, a man self-educated and blind, undertook and executed this work with an amount of skill which astonished the world. He showed his countrymen also how to bridge over torrents; how to construct upon bogs and marshy places excellent highways; how to bring one town in the north into direct communication with another, provi-

ded there was enterprise enough in individuals to act on his suggestions, and perseverance to go on with them. It is curious to see how, both then and now, the people of the north of England took and kept the lead of those in the south in every matter demanding these qualities. When as yet the intercourse was but indifferent between London and the coast of Kent, and London and the counties to the south and west of it, Yorkshire had its stages running from town to town, and passing with considerable regularity north as far as the English border, and south into Lancashire. It may be well to notice this incident in the history of the times of which we are writing a little more in detail.

Stage-coaches appear to have been introduced into England as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. They were mere waggons, which made their way chiefly for a short distance out of London and back again. The pace never exceeded four miles an hour, and their jolting was frightful. Dugdale in his 'Diary' speaks, however, of a Coventry coach in 1659, and Thorsley of one which ran in summer between York and Hull. But with the roads in the state to which we have just adverted, and in a country where drainage was unknown, travelling to any distance in wheel-carriages of any kind was both uncertain and tedious. In 1700 the journey by coach from London to York occupied a week. Tunbridge Wells, Salisbury, and Oxford, were two days' distance from the metropolis. The adventurous traveller might hope to reach Exeter in five days; and, sixty years later, a full fortnight was required to make good the distance between London and Edinburgh. Even at this latter period the coach started only once a-month from each extremity of its line of route, and always went forth equipped with a store of hatchets wherewith to cut down branches, and even trees, which blocked the way, and a box of carpenter's tools in order that the means might be at hand of repairing damages incident upon upsets and general breakages.

With roads in this state, and the means of intercommunication so scanty, the inhabitants of one town and one district in England knew next to nothing of the inhabitants of another, though separated from them, it might be, by only twenty or thirty miles. Whatever people learned respecting their neighbours was learned from the pedlars or packmen, who were the merchants of the day, and conveyed from place to place news as well as goods; for shops

were rare even in towns of considerable size, and had no existence at all in smaller towns and villages. From these hawkers the mistress of the house was accustomed to provide herself with finery — ribbons, lace, and such like. All the necessaries for home usage were provided at home. The wool clipped from the master's sheep was carded by the master's servants. The flax, steeped and worked up, was, as well as the worsted, spun; and the thread, taken charge of by a handloom-weaver on the estate, or perhaps sent to some neighbouring town or village, came back in due time fit to pass through the hands of the thrifty domestic seamstress or the travelling tailor. In like manner, English house-keepers were accustomed, less than a century ago, to lay up in the autumn such a stock of provisions as would suffice for the winter's consumption. Sheep and oxen slaughtered and salted down, with stores of wheat, barley, malt, spices, salt, honey, and savoury herbs, stocked the larder and the store-room of the rich. The poor were content if, in addition to their meal, they could lay in a supply of salted herrings. Those were the days of fairs, great and small; some chartered, some held by custom only, to which people of all ranks and conditions repaired, in order to provide themselves from time to time with such articles of luxury as neither the travelling merchant nor the neighbouring market town could supply. At these fairs the squires and yeomen bought and sold the produce of their farms. There, too, the hiring of servants took place; and side by side with traffic went on sports of all kinds — merry andrews, jugglers, quack doctors, and what not, keeping the country people in a roar, and gathering in their small coin. Of the greater fairs, not a few were given up to special business. Between Huddersfield and Leeds there was a cloth fair; a leather fair was held near Northampton; and cattle fairs, bonnet fairs, and even fruit fairs, abounded in all the counties of England. They were to England in the seventeenth, and even late in the eighteenth century, very much what the great fair of Novgorod is to Russia at this day.

The first serious innovation upon this primitive condition of things occurred in 1760, the same year in which George III. came to the throne; and to Sheffield belongs the honour of achieving it. There was set up in that year, and in that town, "a flying machine on steel springs," which the inventors undertook should "sleep the first night at the Black-man's Head in Nottingham, the second at the Angel in Northampton,

arriving at the Swan-with-two-necks, in Ladd Lane, on the evening of the third day." No doubt the Manchester men have some right to enter in this respect into competition with the men of Sheffield. They had their "flying coach" for the conveyance of passengers from their town to London as early as 1754; and they gave out, by public advertisement, before the enterprise began, that "however incredible it may appear, this coach will actually (barring accidents) arrive in London in four days and a half after leaving Manchester." In the matter of steel springs, however, they appear to have fallen short of the Sheffield men; and it does not quite appear that their promise of completing the journey in four days and a half was ever fulfilled. Still the impulse was given from both quarters, and its rebound extended to many others. Thus we find that, in 1766, John Scott, afterwards Earl of Eldon, made his way from Newcastle to London in a fly, having spent only four days and four nights on the road. From Bath and Birmingham London was reached, a year or two later, in two days; and one day (a long one to be sure, for it began at four in the morning and ended at nine at night) sufficed, in 1770, to convey the traveller from Dover to London.

Such was the state of England when George III. came to the throne, as regards two of those three conditions of social life which enable us to judge, at first sight, respecting the comparative barbarism of nations. The roads were of the worst possible description. The means of conveyance between place and place were defective in the extreme. With respect to the third — the state of English agriculture, and the condition of the classes by which it was practiced, — in these points the picture which meets our gaze is scarcely more cheering. Drainage, in 1760, may be said to have been a thing unknown. The courage and skill of our remote ancestors had, indeed, at periods too far removed from us to come within the province of history, constructed here and there vast mounds for damming out the sea and keeping rivers and even estuaries within certain circumscribed limits. Such a work is the great sea-dyke which interposes between the Channel and Romney Marsh, an extensive tract of country, containing about 60,000 acres, and which lies chiefly under lowwater mark, along the south coast of Kent. Such also are the embankments which exclude the Thames from its old bed on either side of the present river, including the whole of the district now known as Plumstead and Erith Marshes, Plaistow,

East Haven, and the Barking Level. Such, too, are the bulwarks and causeways — the construction as is believed of the Romans — which in the fen countries of Lincoln, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, protect the land from coming again under the dominion of the ocean. But on these triumphs of old engineering skill scarcely any improvements were engrafted till the reign of Charles II. Then further attempts were made, and made successfully, to shut out the sea in other quarters, but nothing or next to nothing was done to dry the soil, or to evaporate the stagnant waters from the redeemed regions. Romney Marsh well deserved its name a hundred years ago. It was a region of swamp in winter — of hard dry baked grassland in summer. So did all the fen regions in Lincoln and Norfolk; so did Sedge Moor in Somersetshire; so did Thorne Mere in Yorkshire, with endless districts besides, of which the main produce was wildfowl and eels. And where this waste of waters happened not to be, lack of skill prevented the English husbandmen from applying the lands which they owned or occupied to tillage. Hence Warburton, the author of the *'Vallum Romanum,'* giving the impression which was made upon him by the condition of Northumberland at a period not more remote than 1783, describes a tract of country fit only for pasturage, and that, too, of the most primitive description. "Such was the wild and barren state of the country," he says, "at the time I made my survey, that in those parts now called the wastes, and heretofore the debatable ground, I have frequently discovered the vestiges of towns and camps that seemed never to have been trod upon by any human creature than myself since the Romans abandoned them; the traces of streets and the foundations of the buildings being still visible, only grown over with grass." So also, in the middle of one of the best cultivated and richest districts of England — Lincoln Heath — there still, we believe, may be seen, — there certainly could be seen not many years ago, — a column seventy feet high, which, when George III. ascended the throne, did duty as a beacon by day and as a land lighthouse by night, to guide the wayfarer in his progress over what was then a dreary waste.

While drainage was so little practised, and roads all but impassable, the produce of the fields of England could not be other than scanty. Wheat, barley, and oats were raised in small quantities. Turnips, though sown and reared in gardens, never became a crop in any sense of the term till some

time between 1760 and 1770, and even at the latter period only the most scientific of agriculturists grew them. As to artificial grasses — such as sainfoin, vetches, and even clover — these, with the exception of the latter, had never been heard of. In Scotland matters were still worse. Miss Catherine Sinclair, in the Life of her father, tells us "that in 1772 the whole country round the Baronet's residence was barren moor; that scarcely one of his tenants owned a wheel-cart; and that all the burdens, whether of wool or manure, were carried in wicker creels upon the backs of women." Neither were the Lothians themselves at that time much further advanced. The region between Berwick and Edinburgh, which now waves with yellow corn, lay then comparatively waste, a patch of oats intervening here and there amid the heather, and scanty flocks picking up what fodder they could among knolls and lowlands overgrown with broom.

The people who thus practised the art of agriculture were, as might be expected, rude in the extreme. Schools there were none in the rural parishes; and even in small towns, except where King Edward's foundations happened to be, such schools as existed taught but little, and few came to profit by that little. The clergy did not appear to consider that upon them the people had any further claim than for the hasty and slovenly performance of the public services of the Church. Of the bishops appointed since the Revolution of 1688 several were indeed learned men; but their learning, and the exercise of it through the press, engrossed all their attention. The great majority could not even claim to be scholars; and whether scholars or not, they all alike lived and died profoundly indifferent, or apparently so, to their proper duties. From 1688 till George III. came to the throne, the qualifications mainly looked for in the aspirant for a mitre were, that in politics he should be a Whig — in Church matters easy-going and careless — one who was likely to give as little trouble as possible either to the Government or to the not very moral society by which he was surrounded. This baneful influence made itself felt among the higher classes, and in towns, as we shall presently show. In the rural districts it kept farmers and labourers alike steeped in the very depths of ignorance. Mrs. Hannah More, describing a visit which she paid to the village of Cheddar, within hearing, so to speak, of the organ in Wells Cathedral, says — "We found more than 200 people

in the parish, almost all very poor; no gentry; a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. . . . We saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop up a flower-pot." Another witness, William Huntington, the well-known "sinner saved," thus delivers himself in his 'Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer,' concerning the profound ignorance which prevailed in the Weald of Kent when he was a boy. His book appeared in 1793, and he was then a man advanced beyond middle life;—"There was in the village (where he lived) an exciseman of a stern and hard-favoured countenance, whom I took notice of for having a stick covered with figures, and an ink-bottle hanging at his button-hole. This man I imagined to be employed by God Almighty to take an account of children's sins. I thought he must have a great deal to do to find out the sins of children; and I eyed him as a formidable being, and the greatest enemy I had in the world." The Weald of Kent is scarcely, we suspect, now—it certainly was not in 1820—the most enlightened portion of England; but we doubt whether there could be found in it at this day, or even forty years ago, a child, far less a grown lad, so besotted as to take Mr. Huntington's view of an exciseman and his ink-bottle.

It was while George III. filled the throne that the first beginnings were made to break in upon this state of pitiable darkness. To Mr. Raikes, the son of the printer and proprietor of the 'Gloucester Journal,' himself a Dissenter, and therefore by the entire Dissenting interests put forward for canonisation, the merit is very generally attributed of making this beginning. With Sunday-schools his name is popularly associated; and it is perfectly true that he established and promoted in his native city and elsewhere institutions of the kind which were of great value. But Mr. Raikes only followed in the track of another, and that other was a woman. Miss Hannah Bell of High Wycombe first thought of gathering together and instructing the children of the poor, whom she saw, Sunday after Sunday, driven by the beadle out of the churchyard. Her benevolent efforts were attended with marked success, and the fame of them reaching Gloucester, stirred up Mr. Raikes to do likewise. Then came into the same field Bishop Porteous, and after him many. Such was the little fountain-head whence, in due time, broke out those waters which are now fertilising, under the superintendence of the National Society, the length and breadth of England. Nor would it be

just to the memory of the good old King were we, in observing upon these matters, to leave unnoticed the part which he personally took in promoting this righteous end. George III. was the friend of Bishop Porteous, and of every good work which Bishop Porteous took up. He rejoiced in the spread of Sunday-schools, and desired that every one of his subjects might possess and be able to read, a Bible. He was a zealous promoter, also, of improvements in agriculture. Besides experimenting on his own lands, he corresponded, under the signature of "Ralph the Farmer," with Arthur Young, the well-known traveller and editor of the 'Agricultural Journal.' He was an admirer, also, of Adam Smith's great work, and did much to promote the study of the subject of which it treats. How well directed the King's energies were it is hardly necessary to point out. Scientific agriculture became a fashion, and that race of improvement began, both in England and in Scotland, which has ever since been going on. The results are before us.

Meanwhile the mineral wealth of England, which had lain hid, or been but partially brought to light, for centuries, began to make itself felt. That coal was abundant there were probably few intelligent Englishmen who were not aware, yet the expense of removing it even a few miles from the pit's mouth rendered it, for all the practical purposes of life, up to the year 1760, comparatively worthless. There was then only one canal in the country, if the deepening of the Sanky Brook can be spoken of as a canal. It passed through a district where no obstructions presented themselves, and as far as it went—only a few miles—conferred vast benefits on the district. But everywhere else, roads impassable except to pack-horses in winter, or in the height of summer to heavy waggons, put quite beyond the reach of the seats of England's infant industry the means of going forward in the way of improvement. In this year the idea presented itself to Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater, of attempting to do on a large scale what the deepeners of Sanky Brook had done on a small. He proposed, if possible, to connect his coal-fields at Worsley with the town of Manchester by a canal constructed on a scale so vast that the most accomplished engineers of the day pronounced the scheme to be absolutely utopian. Worsley was separated from Manchester by nine miles of broken country,—a broad river intersecting the line by which the canal was to be carried forward; and how to overcome the obstacles presented

first by a succession of hills, and next by the bed of the Irwell—that was a point which no reasonable man would undertake to grapple with. How it was grappled with and to what purpose, Mr. Smiles, in his interesting *Life of Brindley*, has well told. Before the daring of that self-taught genius all difficulties melted away. Hills were tunnelled; over the Irwell an aqueduct was thrown, of sufficient height to admit of the passage beneath of masted vessels; and Manchester, with its 40,000 inhabitants, was enabled in 1761, to supply itself with fuel at less than half the cost which had been incurred the year before.

To extend the canal to Liverpool, and thereby connect that seaport with Manchester, was the next great scheme taken up and executed. Others followed which it is not necessary to particularise here, till by-and-by between each populous English town and almost all the rest, whether inland or on the seaboard, easy and inexpensive means of communication by water were provided. Forthwith the riches which had heretofore lain in the bowels of the earth were exhumed. Not coal only, but iron and lead, and whatever else could be applied to the convenience of human life, became as accessible to the dwellers in every way-side village as to occupants of large towns; and the impulse thereby given to other industries than that of the loom began to make itself felt. A word or two will suffice to show how this came about.

The cotton trade is now, and has long been, the great staple of this country. In 1760—the year of the King's accession—the profits on the cost of the raw material, and of the labour bestowed upon it, were calculated to amount to £200,000 for the whole of the United Kingdom. And poor as the recompense was, and easy to be accounted for, we may reasonably doubt whether increased facilities of turning out the goods would have benefited the producers, who, in the absence of other means than the pack-horse of conveying them from place to place, must have loaded them up and left them to rot in cellars and warehouses. No sooner, however, were facilities afforded of throwing in upon large towns, at a comparatively cheap rate, the products of their looms, than manufacturers began to study how they might render their looms more productive, and merchants cast about for opening with foreign nations an export trade which as yet had, in cotton goods at least, no existence. The same year in which the King came to the throne, and the original Bridgewater Canal was mapped out,

John Kay of Bury invented the fly-shuttle, by means of which the hand-loom weaver was able to make in a day twice as much cloth out of thread as he had made before. John Kay's immediate reward was much the same as attends on every inventor. He interfered with the established routine of labour. He made the loom so productive that thread could not be supplied fast enough to keep it busy, and the weavers, irritated by intervals of compulsory idleness, and blaming Kay's invention, fell upon Kay himself and drove him out of the country. Then help came to trade in the shape of improvements in the process of spinning, of which Lewis Paul, James Hargreaves, Thomas Hughes, and the ill-fated and wayward Samuel Crompton, were consecutively the authors. By-and-by arose Richard Arkwright, just as much as Brindley a self-taught man, who, beginning life as a barber in Bolton, died one of the richest men in England. Contemporary with him was Robert Peel, the father of the late Prime Minister, and, far more original than either, Edward Cartwright, a clergyman and a poet. Each of these added his share to the common stock of mechanical invention, the last especially giving to his country the most important of the whole, the power-loom. It is worthy of note that these great things were begun, improved, and perfected within the limits of the era of which we are writing, and that in sixty years more a country which had heretofore depended on foreign nations for the supply of almost all its artificial wants became mistress of an export trade larger and more remunerative than ever before was heard of since the world began.

About the same time, or a little later, were introduced those improvements in making porcelain or china which have advanced from year to year ever since, till they place the England of the present day quite upon a footing of equality with Holland and France. In 1763, Josiah Wedgwood turned his attention to this matter, and in due time produced a cream-coloured earthen-ware very different from any which had previously been seen in this country. Not that in the qualities of smoothness and beauty it surpassed, or even came up to, the older productions of Bow, Worcester, and Chelsea. But the porcelains of Bow, Worcester, and Chelsea, contributed only to increase the luxuries of the rich, whereas the Wedgwood ware made its way into the dwellings of the poor. From these it expelled by degrees the wooden platters and brown dishes which had been in universal use prior to

Mr. Wedgwood's success. Nor has the art stood still. When Mr. Wedgwood began his labours, the estimated profits upon the whole porcelain industry of England, after providing machinery and paying workmen's wages, amounted to not more than £5000 a year, and the number of people employed upon it were very few. Ten years later the profits had risen to £100,000, and the work-people could be numbered by hundreds. Now many thousands earn their bread in the potteries, and the whole civilized world — the east, the west, the north, and the south — is stocked with the works of their hands.

Simultaneously, or nearly so, with these inventions came Dr. Roebuck's important discovery, that, in the smelting of iron, pit-coal is as efficacious as charcoal: and that to the iron-industry of this country, heretofore cramped by the danger of exhausting the forests, no limits could be placed. Confident in the soundness of his own principles, Dr. Roebuck looked out for a convenient site on which to apply them, and finding it at Carron, a place within easy reach both of coal and iron, he there set up that great foundry which soon became, and long continued to be, the main source whence England derived the principal supply of cannon for her fleets and fortresses. Meanwhile James Watt was working out those improvements in the steam-engine which others took up and carried continually further, till it became what we of the present generation find it to be. The progress which he made, in conjunction with partners less scientific, but bolder than himself, was indeed quite astounding. Within a few years of 1763, steam had, to an enormous extent superseded the water-power, as water-power had previously set aside the power of hand, in all our principal manufactories. How it has gone on since, leading up, step by step, to the steam-ship, the steam-carriage, and though indirectly, still decidedly, to the electric-wire, we may not stop to show. But this great truth we must ask our readers to observe and ponder upon. To whatever point of excellence the arts which civilise life have attained, the hardest portion of the battle was fought, and fought out, in the reign of George III. When he came to the throne, England was destitute of roads, and could boast of only one canal, scarce three miles in extent, and navigable for the lightest possible craft. Without means of inter-communication between the interior and the coast, and between one town and another, she could command neither foreign commerce nor domestic trade. The population was sparse, and little

employed in manufactures. The manners of her humbler classes were rude, and they fared indifferently. Where the richest crops of corn are now reared, enormous swamps spread themselves out; and for lack of bridges, rivers were impassable, or passable only by fords and ferries. The Rev. James Brown, rector of Cheriton in Kent, published, in 1726, 'Three Years' Travels in England, Scotland, and Wales.' We read the work at this day as we would the details of a journey into the heart of Africa, or across the continent of America, so perilous are the adventures which the brave ecclesiastic encountered, and so determined the energy which carried him through them all. He could not move from place to place except under the care of trustworthy guides; and as soon as the winter set in, and occasionally when heavy rains fell in summer, he suspended his operations, and established himself wherever he might be, till better times came. In 1820, when the old King died, the roads of England were the best in the world. Coaches, beautifully horsed, and well appointed in every respect, ran over them, summer and winter, at an average rate of ten miles in the hour. The whole island was intersected with canals. Not a river or small stream, except in remote and out-of-the-way districts, lacked its bridges; and fens were drained, and heaths cleared away. As to the trade of the country, foreign and domestic, it had become a marvel in men's eyes, as it might well be.

We turn next to the condition of society as we find it in its upper ranks; and there, too, the change wrought for the better during the interval over which Mr. Jesse's narrative extends presents itself as perfectly amazing. Of the undisguised venality of members of Parliament in the earlier part of the old King's reign we need not say one word. Then, as in the days of Walpole, every public man had his price, not in places for himself or his friends or his constituents only, but in notes of the Bank of England, which he accepted in return for support rendered to Whig Government. Meanwhile the habits of fashionable ladies and gentlemen in private life were such as now surprise, almost as much as they offend, our better tastes. Education in the softer sex was sadly neglected, and before marriage girls learned little except to embroider, to cook, and to dress. They usually married — we speak of the upper ten thousand — for rank or wealth, and thenceforth gave up their time to intrigue. They played high even at Court, George II. promoting the amusement. They could not always spell or

write correctly a common note. Sunday was the great day for their entertainments. Their religion consisted in occasionally showing themselves at church; and their wit found vent in indelicate innuendoes. Honourable exceptions to this rule there doubtless were; but the rule was general, wellnigh to universality.

Among men, and especially men of fashion, to be profligate, drunken, given to play, and profane, was not only not discreditable but quite correct. The club-houses, and especially Brookes's, were the scenes night after night of orgies which would not now be tolerated in the worst conducted gin-shop in London. Duels were events of constant occurrence, to which, no doubt, the barbarous custom of wearing swords greatly contributed. And he who could boast of having betrayed the largest number of women was received with the greatest favour in all circles. The extent to which the more daring among the wits carried their profligacy is well illustrated by the usages of the order of the Franciscans — a knot of men eminent in their day, and advanced, many of them, to high place in the counsels of the Sovereign. Mr. Jesse has well epitomised the story, and we therefore give it in his words. Speaking of Wilkes he says: —

“He was one of that debauched fraternity, consisting of men of wit and fashion, who, having restored and fitted up the ruins of Midmenham Abbey, near Marlow, adopted the monastic garb at their convivial meetings, and instituted the most immodest rites and ribald mysteries within its sacred walls. The ruins of the old abbey, formerly a convent of Cistercian monks, still stand surrounded by rich meadows, by hanging woods and venerable elms, on a beautiful and secluded spot on the banks of the Thames. Over the principal entrance was the inscription from Rabelais's Abbey of Theleme, ‘*Fay ce que voudras.*’ In the pleasure-grounds, the temples, statues, and inscriptions all savoured of the impure tastes and irreverent wit of the modern denizens of the abbey. The members of the new order styled themselves Franciscans, in honour of their father abbot Sir Francis Dashwood.

‘Dashwood shall pour from a communion-cup  
Libations to the goddess without eyes,  
And hob and nob in cider and excise.’

— CHURCHILL'S *Candidate*.

Each monk had his cell and appropriate name. In the chapel — the embellishments of which were of so immodest a character that none but the initiated were permitted access to it, the monks not only adapted the sacred rites of the Roman Catholic Church to the profane worship of Bacchus and Venus, but are said to

have carried their blasphemy to such a pitch as to administer the eucharist to an ape. The members of the Midmenham Club whose names have been handed down to us were, besides Sir Francis Dashwood and Wilkes, Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe; Sir Thomas Stapleton, father of the twenty-second Lord Le Despencer; Paul Whitehead, the poet, who was secretary to the brotherhood; and Thomas Potter, son of the then late Archbishop of Canterbury, one whose rare and promising abilities as an orator and man of letters, unhappily succumbed to habits of debauchery and an early grave. Laurence Sterne has been named as one of the fraternity, though apparently on no very sufficient grounds. Lord Sandwich's connection with the club is more than once referred to in a clever poem of the time, entitled ‘Ode to the Earl of Sandwich’: —

‘The midnight orgies you reveal,  
Nor Dashwood's cloistered rites conceal.’

And again —

‘In vain you tempt Jack Wilkes to dine  
By copious drafts from chaliced wine,  
And anthems to Moll's nose.”

At Midmenham Abbey vice and profanity were indeed carried to their utmost limits; but they largely prevailed elsewhere. The public amusements of the age, the gatherings at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and suchlike places, tended much to encourage them. There, under cover of her mask, the wife, disgusted with her husband's intemperance, found frequent opportunities of taking her revenge. Hogarth's ‘*Rake's Progress*’ tells a tale which, in all except its finale, had more of historical truth than of fiction in it a century ago. Nor were the manners and morals of the squirearchy and even the clergy much more elevated. Drunkenness was regarded as a necessary incident on hospitality. The country gentleman who allowed his guests to leave the dinner-table except in a state of elevation would have been despised as a screw — he was the best fellow who saw them all first gorged with meat and wine and then put to bed. As to the clergy, their habits continued to be pretty much what they learned to make them when students at Oxford or Cambridge. Even the fellows' common room, and not unfrequently the masters' lodge, taught them any thing rather than the graces of sobriety. In a word, the age was a drunken age, a profligate age, an age either of daring profanity or indifference to religion — of coarse talk, coarse manners, and the worst possible morals. Exceptions there doubtless were both in town and country to the general rule. The much-

abused Lord Bute, for example, though a courtier, was a man of correct morals and refined tastes, just as among the country gentlemen some Squire Allworthys were to be found, and among the country clergy not a few Parson Adamases. But for one Lord Bute in the higher circles a score at least of Lord Sandwiches defied God and man; and Sir Timothy Fletchers and Parson Trullebars, and worse than he, outnumbered by ten to one their more respectable neighbours, both lay and clerical.

It would carry us far beyond the purpose of the present essay were we to speak at any length respecting the condition in this country of literature and the arts in the age of which we are now writing. As was said a few pages back, it is not from the state of its literature that we can determine the comparative civilization or barbarism of a nation. Rome was never more depraved, the Empire was never more essentially brutal, than when Horace struck his lyre, and Cicero philosophised; and of the ages of Homer and of the authors of the sublime poetry of the Old Testament, nothing more can be said than that they were utterly barbarous. In like manner, the works of Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele — of Young, Thompson, Akenside, Collins, Gray — all these show that, neither through neglect of public patronage, nor by the inability of the masses to recognize its claim to distinction, can genius, whatever path it chalk out for itself, be held back. Yet the tone of the most successful works of the last century, as it reflects the tone of society itself, so it leaves upon the minds of the men of the present generation a not very comfortable impression. Not to mention the translations and imitations of depraved French stories, which women, virtuous as the fashion of virtue then was, devoured with avidity, we need only turn over the pages of Roderick Random and Count Fathom to see what the public taste then was, and how clever men pandered to it. Observe that we do not pretend to squeamishness ourselves, nor desire to find it in others, touching such matters. The works of Smollett, Fielding, Richardson, and Churchill, must always command readers so long as in England the power of appreciating high genius remains; but no gentleman could now venture to read even the best of them aloud to an audience of ladies. The author who should describe as broadly as they do the darker shades in human life, would find some difficulty in getting a respectable publisher to father his work, and would certainly be greeted in these days

with universal condemnation by his critics. But though we may not judge from their standard literature of the advance which nations have made at different periods in general refinement, a fair criterion is afforded of the degree of influence which literature exercised over them by studying the facilities at the command of the people for gaining access to the works of the best authors at any given period in history. For example, in 1730, when Samuel Johnson had reached his nineteenth year, his father was in the habit of carrying books about from one market-town in the neighbourhood of Lichfield to another, in order to sell them; and at all the great fairs in Birmingham he set up a stall. There were then, throughout the whole of the corporation towns of England, only twenty-eight printing-houses established. As to circulating libraries, such things began to be only in 1751, Mr Hutton of Birmingham being the first to open one. And in 1782, the provincial newspapers existing in England amounted to fifty, and no more. Nor is all this to be wondered at in a country which could boast of no schools except such as benevolent individuals had here and there founded; for when, among the people at large, the art of reading is unknown, who would ever think of accumulating printing-presses, or multiplying circulating libraries and journals? Of English literature, therefore, as an instrument for training the English mind, or creating among the English people pure tastes and lofty aspirations, we are scarcely going too far when we say that, when George III. ascended the throne, it had no existence. Great authors there doubtless were, whose works told within a circle comparatively narrow. But so far as the bulk of the people were concerned, whether in town or country, they might almost as well have had no existence. They were not read, or if read they could not have been appreciated.

Art has always been, even more decidedly than literature, a very unsafe test to apply when we are considering the point at which, in social improvement, nations have arrived. But the extent to which artists are honoured, and their works held in esteem by the rich and noble, enables us to draw a just estimate in regard to the comparative refinement of society in its upper grades. When George III. came to the throne, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, West, Angelica, Kauffman, and, though last not least, Hogarth, were all before the world. It would be too much to say that the great productions of their pencils were

not appreciated, just as we should contradict the truth were we to assert that neither Roubilliac nor Wilton had achieved a name. But there was wanting to them all that without which genius in painting or sculpture can nowhere find a fair field on which to venture. England could boast of no patronage in high places, no marks of Royal favour shown to artists, and, still more necessary, no school or academy where students might study, and masters exhibit their finished performances. Private persons, here and there, did their best to supply the defect; and the artists themselves, of their own free will, and to a great extent at their own cost, set up what they called the "Academy" in St. Martin's Lane. But the battle went decidedly against them till, in 1768, the Royal Academy was founded, and the King stood forth as the avowed patron of art. We may no doubt question the correctness of the King's taste when we find that among living painters West was his favourite. Still art, in the abstract, gained immensely even though connoisseurs might be offended; and its professors took their proper place in public estimation, from which they have never since descended.

Besides these there are many other points of comparison between England as she was in 1760, and England as she had become in 1820, to which the space at our command will permit us only to allude. At the former of these periods, there was no protection to travellers except their own right hand, either in town or city. At the latter period watchmen guarded the streets in towns, mounted patrols kept the approaches to London safe, and the mail-coaches, with their well-armed guards, had completely driven highwaymen from the roads in the Provinces. In 1760 the state of our prisons was frightful, and the law, not criminal only, but of debtor and creditor likewise, absolutely savage. In 1820 Oglethorp and Howard had done their work, and that process of amelioration was well begun which, if it be not wisely watched and directed, threatens to carry us into the opposite extreme of undue lenity. In the interval between 1760 and 1820, the Church had reformed itself, and profligate parsons were become as rare as their opposites had been when the cycle began. Schools were springing up likewise in every parish. Under their influence, the working classes lost by degrees their brutality, and society in its upper ranks purified itself. It would be too much to say of George III. that he was, in any sense of the term, the immediate cause of the vast improvement in all these res-

pects which characterized his age. But nobody can read Mr. Jesse's volume, far less be familiar with the works from which he derived his information, without receiving a strong impression that all that it was possible for the sovereign of a constitutional country to do for the purpose of elevating the tastes and improving the morals of his people George III. did. His own habits were simple and unostentatious in the extreme. Of purity of life and conversation he was a perfect model. In agriculture he took a lively interest, contributing, as, we have shown, both by writing and practice, to its advancement; and to the growth of manufactures, and the scientific researches which lead to it, he gave every encouragement. His patronage of literature and of the fine arts was liberal. The library which he collected and bequeathed to the British Museum shows that this was not an indiscriminating patronage; and to his gracious manner of conversing with literary men, Dr. Johnson and others bear ample testimony. That he was sincerely religious, none who knew him could doubt. Of promotions to dignities in the Church, he took, so to speak, personal charge; and oddly as from time to time he dispensed his favours, they were in every instance well bestowed. He promoted the spread of popular education everywhere, and his memory is still cherished, like the memory of a patron saint, by the boys of Eton. These are, after all, the great glories of kings. Success in war, which comes in one generation, not unfrequently makes room for great reverses in another; and the triumph of what is called *principle* in high politics, results often enough in the degradation of peoples. But where arts flourish which tend to make men happier and better; where literature is exercised with a view to elevate the public taste; where religion, neither histrionic nor puritanical—operates to supply motives of conduct, and keep men from forgetting their high destiny; in whatever age or country we see these things advancing, then we may rest assured that the people are well governed, and their rulers wise men. The era of George III. is quite as remarkable in all these respects as it is for the triumphs by land and sea which waited on the arms of England.

We wish that we could see in our own age a more steady progress in the same direction, and should be glad if it could be made quite clear to us that we are not, so far as public morals are concerned, going back from the point to which we had attained forty-seven years ago.

## CHAPTER LI.

"Teach me, ye groves, some art to ease my pain,  
Some soft resentments that may leave no stain  
On her loved name, and then I will complain."

NEXT day after dinner, Lord Verney said to Cleve, as they two sat alone, "I saw you at Lady Dorminster's last night. I saw you — about it. It seems to me you go to too many places, with the House to attend to; you stay too long — one can look in, you know. Sometimes one meets a person; I had a good deal of interesting conversation last night, for instance, with the French Ambassador. No one takes a hint better; they are very good listeners, the French, and that is the way they pick up so much information and opinion and things. I had a cup of tea, and we talked — about it — for half-an-hour, until I had got my ideas well before him. A very able man, a brilliant person, and seemed — he appeared to go with me — about it — and very well up upon our history — and things — and — and — looking at you, it struck me — you're looking a good deal cut up, about it — and — and as if you were doing too much. And I said, you know, you were to look about, and see if there was any young person you liked — that was suitable — and — that kind of thing; but you know you must not fatigue yourself, and I don't want to hurry you; only it is a step you ought to take with a view to strengthen your position — ultimately. And — and — I hear it is too late to consider about Ethel — that would have been very nice, it struck me; but that is now out of the question, I understand — in fact, it is certain, although the world don't know it yet; and therefore we must consider some other alliance; and I don't see any very violent hurry. We must look about — and — and you'll want some money, Cleve, when you have made up your mind."

"You are always too good," said Cleve.

"I — I mean with your *wife* — about it;" and Lord Verney coughed a little. "There's never any harm in a little money; the more you get, the more you can do. I always was of that opinion. Knowledge is power, and money is power, though in different ways; that was always my idea. What I want to impress on your mind, however, at this moment, particularly, is, that there is nothing very pressing as to time; we can afford a little time. The Onslow motto, you know,

*it* conveys it, and your mother was connected with the Onslows."

It would not be easy to describe how the words of his noble uncle relieved Cleve Verney. Every sentence seemed to lift a load from his burthen, or to cut asunder some knot in the cordage of his bonds. He had not felt so much at ease since his hated conversation with Lord Verney in the library.

Not very long after this, Cleve made the best speech by many degrees he had ever spoken, a really forcible reply upon a subject he had very carefully made up, of which in fact, he was a master. His uncle was very much pleased, and gave his hearers to understand pretty distinctly from what fountain he had drawn his inspiration, and promised them better things still, now that he had got him fairly in harness, and had him into his library, and they put their heads together; and he thought his talking with him a little did him no harm, Cleve's voice was so good he could make himself heard — you must be able to reach their ears or you can hardly hope to make an impression; and Lord Verney's physician insisted on his sparing his throat.

So Lord Verney was pleased. Cleve was Lord Verney's throat, and the throat emitted good speeches, and every one knew where the head was. Not that Cleve was deficient; but Cleve had very unusual advantages.

Tom Sedley and Cleve were on rather odd terms now. Cleve kept up externally their old intimacy when they met. But he did not seek him out in those moods which used to call for honest Tom Sedley, when they ran down the river together to Greenwich, when Cleve was lazy, and wanted to hear the news, and say what he liked, and escape from criticism of every kind, and enjoy himself indolently.

For Verney now there was a sense of constraint wherever Tom Sedley was. Even in Tom's manner, there was a shyness. Tom had learned a secret, which he had not confided to him. He knew he was safe in Tom Sedley's hands. Still he was in his power, and Sedley knew it, and that galled his pride, and made an estrangement.

In the early May, "When winds are sweet, though they unruly be," Tom Sedley came down again to Cardyllian. Miss Charity welcomed him with her accustomed emphasis upon the Green. How very pretty Agnes looked! But how cold her ways had grown!

He wished she was not so pretty — so *beautiful* in fact. It pained him, and somehow he had grown strange with

her ; and she was changed, grave and silent rather, and, as it seemed, careless, quite, whether he was there or not, although he could never charge her with positive unkindness, much less with rudeness. He wished she would be rude. He would have liked to upbraid her. But her gentle, careless cruelty was a torture that justified no complaint, and admitted no redress.

He could talk volubly and pleasantly enough for hours with Charity, not caring a farthing whether he pleased her or not, and thinking only whether Agnes, who sat silent at her work, liked his stories, and was amused by his fun ; and went away elated for a whole night and day because a joke of his had made her laugh. Never had Tom felt more proud and triumphant in all his days.

But when Charity left the room to see old Vane Etherage in the study, a strange silence fell upon Tom. You could hear each stitch of her tambour-work. You could hear Tom's breathing. He fancied she might hear the beating of his heart. He was ashamed of his silence. He could have been eloquent, had he spoken from that loaded heart. But he dare not, and, failing this, he must be silent.

By this time, Tom was always thinking of Agnes Etherage, and wondering at the perversity of fate. He was in love. He could not cheat himself into any evasion of that truth — a tyrant truth that had ruled him mercilessly ; and there was she pining for love of quite another, and bestowing upon him, who disdained it, all the treasure of her heart, while even a look would have been cherished with gratitude by Sedley.

What was the good of his going up every day to Hazleden, Tom Sedley thought, to look at her, and talk to Charity, and laugh, and recount entertaining gossip, and make jokes, and be agreeable, with a heavy and strangely suffering heart, and feel himself every day more and more in love with her, when he knew that the sound of Cleve's footstep, as he walked by, thinking of himself, would move her heart more than all Tom Sedley, adoring her, could say in his lifetime ?

What a fool he was ! Before Cleve appeared, she was fancy-free, no one else in the field, and his opportunities unlimited. He had lapsed his time, and occasion had spread its wings and flown.

"What beautiful sunshine ! What do you say to a walk on the Green ?" said Tom to Charity, and listening for a word from Agnes. She raised her pretty eyes, and looked out, but said nothing.

"Yes. I think it would be very nice ; and there is no wind. What do you say, Agnes ?"

"I don't know. I'm lazy to-day, I think, and I have this to finish," said Agnes.

"But you ought to take a walk, Agnes ; it would do you good, and Thomas Sedley and I are going for a walk on the Green."

"Pray do," pleaded Tom timidly.

Agnes smiled and shook her head, looking out of the window, and, making no other answer, resumed her work.

"You are *very* obstinate," remarked Charity.

"Yes, and *lazy*, like the donkeys, on the Green, where you are going ; but you don't want me particularly — I mean *you*, Charrie — and Mr. Sedley, I know, will excuse me ; for I really feel that it would tire me to-day. It would tire me to death," said Agnes, winding up with an emphasis.

"Well, I'll go and put on my things ; and if you *like* to come, you *can* come, and if you don't you can stay where you are. But I wish you would not be a fool. It is a beautiful day, and nothing on earth to prevent you."

"I don't like the idea of a walk to-day. I know I should feel tired immediately, and have to bring you back again, and I've really grown interested in this little bit of work, and I feel as if I must finish it to-day."

"You *are* such a goose, Agnes," said Charity, marching out of the room.

Tom remained there standing, his hat in his hands, looking out of the window — longing to speak, his heart being full, yet not knowing how to begin, or how to go on, if he had begun.

Agnes worked on diligently, and looked out from the window at her side over the shorn grass and flower-beds, through the old trees in the fore-ground — over the tops of the sloping forest, with the back-ground of the grand Welsh mountains, and a glimpse of the estuary, here and there, seen through the leaves, stretching in dim gold and gray.

"You like that particular window," said Tom, making a wonderful effort ; I mean, why do you like always to sit there ?" He spoke in as careless a way as he could, looking still out of his window, which commanded a different view.

"This window ! oh, my frame stands here always, and, when one is accustomed to a particular place, it puts one out to change."

"Then Agnes dropped her pretty eyes again to her worsted, and worked, and hummed, very faintly, a little air ; and Tom's heart swelled within him, and he hummed as faintly the same gay air.

"I thought perhaps you liked that view?" said Tom Sedley, arresting the music.

She looked out again —

"Well, it's very pretty."

"The best from these windows: some people think, I believe, the prettiest view you have," said Tom, gathering force, "the water is always so pretty!"

"Yes, the water," she assented listlessly.

"Quite a romantic view," continued Sedley a little bitterly.

"Yes, every pretty view is romantic," she acquiesced, looking out for a moment again.

"If one knew exactly what *romantic* means — it's a word we use so often, and so vaguely."

"And can't you define it, Agnes?"

"Define it? I really don't think I could."

"Well, that does surprise me."

"You are so much more clever than I, of course it does."

"No, quite the contrary: you are clever — I'm serious. I assure you — and I'm a dull fellow, and I know it quite well, I can't define it; but *that* doesn't surprise me."

"Then we are both in the same case, but I won't allow it's stupidity — the idea is not quite definable, and that is the real difficulty. You can't describe the perfume of a violet; but you know it quite well, and I really think flowers a more interesting subject than romance."

"Oh, really! not, surely, than the romance of *that* view. It is so romantic!"

"You seem quite in love with it," said she with a little laugh, and began again with a grave face to stitch in the glory of her saint in celestial yellow worsted.

"The water — yes — and the old trees of Ware, and just that tower, at the angle of the house."

"Agnes just glanced through her window, but said nothing."

"I think," said Sedley, "if I were peopling this scene, you know, I should put my hero in that Castle of Ware — that is, if I could invent a romance, which, of course, I couldn't." He spoke with a meaning, I think.

"Why should there be heroes in romances?" asked Miss Agnes, looking nevertheless towards Ware, with her hand and the needle resting idly upon the frame. "Don't you thing a romance ought to resemble reality a little; and do you ever find such a monster as a hero in the world. I don't expect to see one, I know," and she laughed again, but Tom thought, a little bitterly, and applied once more diligently to her work, and hummed a few bars of her little air again.

And Tom, standing now in the middle of the room, leaning on the back of a chair, by way of looking still upon the landscape which they had been discussing, was really looking, unobserved, on her, and thinking that there was not in all the world so pretty a creature.

Charity opened the door, equipped for the walk, and bearing an alpaca umbrella such as few gentlemen would like to walk with in May-fair.

"Well, you won't come, I see. I think you are very obstinate. Come, Thomas Sedley. Good-by, Agnes;" and with these words the worthy girl led forth my friend Tom, and as they passed the corner of the house, he saw Agnes standing in the window, looking out sadly, with her finger-tips against the pane.

"She's lonely, poor little thing!" thought he, with a pang. "Why wouldn't she come? Listlessness — apathy, I suppose. How selfish and odious any trifling with a girl's affections is;" and then aloud to Charity, walking by her side, he continued, "you have not seen Cleve since the great day of Lord Verney's visit, I suppose?"

"No, nothing of him, and don't desire to see him. He has been the cause of a great deal of suffering, as you see, and I think he has behaved *odiously*. She's very odd; she doesn't choose to confide in me. I don't think it's nice or kind of her, but of course, it's her own affair; only this is plain to me, that she'll never think of any one else now but Cleve Verney."

"It's an awful pity," said Tom Sedley quite sincerely.

They were walking down that steep and solitary road, by which Vane Etherage had made his memorable descent a few months since, now in deep shadow under the airy canopy of transparent leaves, and in total silence, except for the sounds, far below, of the little mill-stream struggling among the rocks.

"Don't you know Mr. Cleve Verney pretty well?"

"Intimately — that is I *did*. I have not lately seen so much of him."

"And do you think, Thomas Sedley, that he will ever come forward?" said blunt Miss Charity.

"Well, I happen to know that Cleve Verney has no idea of anything of the kind. In fact, I should be deceiving you, if I did not say distinctly that I know he won't."

Tom was going to say he *can't*, but checked himself. However, I think he was not sorry to have an opportunity of testifying

ing to this fact, and putting Cleve Verney quite out of the field of conjecture as a possible candidate.

"Then I must say," said Miss Charity, flushing brightly, "that Mr. Verney is a villain."

From this strong position, Tom could not dislodge her, and, finding that expostulation involved him in a risk of a similar classification, he abandoned Cleve to his fate.

Up and down the Green they walked until Miss Flood espied and arrested Charity Etherage, and carried her off upon a visit of philanthropy in her pony-carriage; and so Tom Sedley transferred his charge to fussy imperious Miss Flood; and he felt strangely incensed with her, and walked the Green, disappointed and bereft. Was not Charity Agnes's sister? While he walked with her, he could talk of Agnes. He was still in the halo of Hazelden, and near Agnes. But now he was adrift, in the dark. He sat down, looking toward the upland woods that indicated Hazelden, and sighed with a much more real pain than he had ever sighed toward Malory; and he thought evil of meddling Miss Flood, who had carried away his companion. After a time, he walked away toward Malory, intending a visit to his friend old Rebecca Mervyn, and thinking all the way of Agnes Etherage.

## CHAPTER LII.

## MRS. MERVYN'S DREAM.

HE found himself, in a little time, under the windows of the steward's house. Old Rebecca Mervyn was seated on the bench beside the door, plying her knitting needles; she raised her eyes on hearing his step.

"Ha, he's come!" she said, lowering her hands to her knees, and fixing her dark wild gaze upon him. "I ought to have known it—so strange a dream must have had a meaning."

"They sometimes have, ma'am, I believe: I hope you are pretty well, Mrs Mervyn."

"No sir, I am not well."

"Very sorry, very sorry, indeed, ma'am," said Tom Sedley. "I've often thought this must be a very damp, unhealthy place—too much crowded up with trees; they say nothing is more trying to health. You'd be much better, I'm sure, anywhere else."

"Nowhere else; my next move shall be my last. I care not how soon, sir."

"Pray, don't give way to low spirits; you really mustn't," said Tom.

"Tell me what it is, sir; for I know you have come to tell me something."

"No, I assure you; merely to ask you how you are, and whether I can be of any use."

"Oh! sir; what use?—no."

"Do you wish me to give any message to that fellow Dingwell? Pray make use of me in any way that strikes you. I hear he is on the point of leaving England again."

"I'm glad of it," exclaimed the old lady.

"Why do I say so? I'm glad of nothing; but I'm sure it is better. What business could he and Mr. Larkin and that Jew have with my child, who, thank God, is in heaven, and out of the reach of their hands,—evil hands, I dare say."

"So I rather think also, ma'am; and Mr. Larkin tried, did he?"

"Larkin,—yes, that was the name. He came here, sir, about the time I saw you; and he talked a great deal about my poor little child. It is dead, you know; but I did not tell him so. I promised Lady Verney I'd tell nothing to strangers—they all grow angry then. Mr. Larkin was angry, I think. But I do not speak—and you advised me to be silent—and, though he said he was their lawyer, I would not answer a word."

"I have no doubt you acted wisely, Mrs. Mervyn, you cannot be too cautious in holding any communication with such people."

"I'd tell you, sir—if I dare; but I've promised, and I daren't. Till old Lady Verney's gone, I daren't. I know nothing of law-papers—my poor head! How should I? And she could not half understand them. So I promised. You would understand them. Time enough—time enough."

"I should be only too happy—when-ever you please," said Tom.

"And you, sir, have come to tell me something: what is it?"

"I assure you I have nothing particular to say; I merely called to inquire how you are."

"Nothing more needless, sir; how can a poor lonely old woman be, whose last hope has gone out and left her alone in the wilderness? For twenty years—more, more, than twenty—I have been watching day and night; and now, sir, I look at the sea no more. I will never see those head-lands again. I sit here, sir, from day to day, thinking; and, oh, dear! I wish it was all over."

"Any time you should want me, I should be only too happy, and this is my address."

"And you have nothing to tell me?"

"No, ma'am, nothing more than I said."

"It was wonderful: I dreamed last night I was looking toward Pendillon, watching as I used; the moon was above the mountain, and I was standing by the water, so that the sea came up to my feet, and I saw a speck of white far away, and something told me it was his sail at last, and nearer and nearer, very fast it came; and I walked out to meet it, in the shallow water, with my arms stretched to meet it, and when it came very near I saw it was Arthur himself coming upright in his shroud, his feet on the water, and with his feet, hands, and face as white as snow, and his arms stretched to meet mine; and I felt I was going to die; and I covered my eyes with my hands, praying to God to receive me, expecting his touch; and I heard the rush of the water about his feet, and a voice—it was yours, not his—said, 'Look at me,' and I did look, and saw you, and you looked like a man that had been drowned—your face as white as his, and your clothes dripping, and sand in your hair; and I stepped back saying, 'My God! how have you come here?' and you said, 'Listen, I have great news to tell you;' and I waked with a shock. I don't believe in dreams more I believe than other people; but this troubles me still."

"Well, thank God, I have had no accident by land or by water," said Tom Sedley, smiling, in spite of himself, at the awful figure he cut in the old lady's vision; "and I have no news to tell, and I think it will puzzle those Jews and lawyers to draw me into their business whatever it is. I don't like that sort of people; you need never be afraid of me, ma'am, I detest them."

"Afraid of *you*, sir!—Oh, no. You have been very kind. See, this view here is under the branches; you can't see the water from this, only those dark paths in the wood; and I walk round sometimes through that hollow and on by the low road toward Cardyllian in the evening, when no one is stirring, just to the ash-tree, from which you can see the old church and the churchyard; and, oh! sir, I wish I were lying there."

"You must not be talking in that melancholy way, ma'am," said Tom kindly; "I'll come and see you again if you allow me; I think you are a great deal too lonely here; you ought to go out in a boat, ma'am, and take a drive now and then, and just rattle about a little, and you can't think how much good it would do you; and—I must go—and I hope I shall find you a great deal better when I come back." And with these words he took his leave, and as he walked along that low narrow

road that leads by the inland track to Cardyllian, of which old Rebecca Mervyn spoke, whom should he encounter but Miss Charity coming down the hill at a brisk pace, with Miss Flood, in that lady's pony carriage? Smiling, hat in hand, he got himself well against the wall to let them pass; but the ladies drew up, and Miss Charity had a message to send home. If he, Thomas Sedley, would be so good as to call at Jones's they would find a messenger, merely to tell Agnes that she was going to dine with Miss Flood, and would not be home till seven o'clock.

So Tom Sedley undertook it; smiled, and bowed his adieus, and then walked faster toward the town, and, instead of walking direct to Mrs. Jones's, sauntered for a while on the Green, and bethought him what mistakes such messengers as Mrs. Jones could provide, sometimes make, and so resolved himself to be Miss Charity's Mercury.

Sedley felt happier, with an odd kind of excited and unmeaning happiness, as he walked up the embowered steep toward Hazelden, than he had felt an hour or two before while walking down it. When he reached the little flowery platform of closely mown grass, on which stands the pretty house of Hazelden, he closed the iron gate gently, and looked toward the drawing-room windows that reach the grass, and felt a foolish flutter at his heart as he saw that the frame stood in Agnes' window without its mistress.

"Reading, now, I suppose," whispered Tom, as if he feared to disturb her. "She has changed her place, and she is reading;" and he began to speculate whether she sat on the ottoman or on the sofa, or in the cushioned arm-chair, with her novel in her hands. But his sidelong glances could not penetrate the panes, which returned only reflections of the sky or black shadow, excepting of the one object, the deserted frame which stood close to their surface.

There was a time, not long ago either, when Tom Sedley would have run across the grass to the drawing-room windows, and had he seen Agnes within, would have made a semi-burglarious entry through one of them. But there had come of late, on a sudden, a sort of formality in his relations with Agnes; and so he walked round by the hall-door, and found the drawing-rooms empty, and, touching the bell, learned that Miss Agnes had gone out for a walk.

"I've a message to give her from Miss Charity; have you any idea which way she went?"

He found himself making excuse to the

servant for his inquiry. A short time since he would have asked quite frankly where she was, without dreaming of a reason; but now had grown, as I say, a reserve, which has always the more harmless incidents of guilt. He was apprehensive of suspicion; he was shy even of this old servant, and was encountering this inquiry by an explanation of his motives.

"I saw her go by the beech walk, sir," said the man.

"Oh! thanks; very good."

And he crossed the grass, and entered the beech walk, which is broad and straight with towering files of beech at each side, and a thick screen of underwood and evergreens, and turning the screen of rhododendrons at the entrance of the walk, he found himself quite close to Agnes, who was walking toward him.

She stopped. He fancied she changed colour; had she mistaken him for some one else?

"Well, Agnes, I see the sun and the flowers prevailed, though we couldn't; and I'm glad, at all events, that you have had a little walk."

"Oh! yes, after all, I really couldn't resist; and is Charity coming?"

"No, you are not to expect her till tea time. She's gone with Miss Flood somewhere, and she sent me to tell you."

"Oh! thanks;" and Agnes hesitated, looking towards home, as if she intended returning.

"You may as well walk once more up and down; it does look so jolly; doesn't it?" said Tom; "pray do, Agnes."

"Well, yes, once more, I will; but that is all, for I really am a little tired."

They set out in silence, and Tom, with a great effort, said —

"I wonder, Agnes, you seem so cold, I mean so unfriendly, with me, I think you do; and you must be quite aware of it; you must, *indeed*, Agnes. I think if you knew half the pain you are giving me — I really do — that you wouldn't."

The speech was very inartificial; but it had the merit of going direct to the point, and Miss Agnes began —

"I haven't been at all unfriendly."

"Oh! but you *have* — *indeed* you have — you are quite *changed*. And I don't know what I have done — I wish you'd tell me — to deserve it; because — even if there was — another — anything — no matter what — I'm an old friend, and I think it's very unkind; *you* don't perceive it perhaps but you are awfully changed."

Agnes laughed a very little, and she answered, looking down on the walk before her, as Sedley thought, with a very pretty blush, and I believe there was —

"It is a very serious accusation, and I don't deserve it. No, indeed, and, even if it were true, it rather surprises me that it should in the least interest you; because we down here have seen so little of you that we might very reasonably suspect that you had begun to forget us."

"Well, I *have* been an *awful* fool, it is quite true, and you have punished me, not more than I deserve; but I think you might have remembered that you had not on earth a better friend — I mean a more earnest one — particularly *you*, Agnes, than I."

"I really don't know what I have done," pleaded she, with another little laugh.

"I was here, you know, as intimate almost as a brother. I don't say of course, there are not many things that I had no right to expect to hear anything about; but if I had, and been thought worthy of confidence, I would at all events have spoken honestly. But — may I speak quite frankly, Agnes? — You won't be offended, will you?"

"No; I shan't — I'm quite sure."

"Well, it was only this, you *are* changed, Agnes, you know you are. Just this moment, for instance, you were going home, only because *I* came here, and you fancied I might join you in your walk; and this change began when Cleve Verney was down here staying at Ware, and used to walk with you on the Green."

Agnes stopped short at these words, and drew back a step, looking at Sedley with an angry surprise.

"I don't understand you — I'm certain I don't. I can't conceive what you mean," she said.

Sedley paused in equal surprise.

"I — I beg pardon; I'm awfully sorry — you'll never know *how* sorry — if I have said anything to vex you; but I *did* think it was some influence, or something connected with that time."

"I really don't pretend to understand you," said Agnes coldly, with eyes, however, that gleamed resentfully. "I do recollect perfectly Mr. Cleve Verney's walking half-a-dozen times with Charity and me upon the Green, but what that can possibly have to do with your fancied wrongs, I cannot imagine; I fancied you were a friend of Mr. Verney's."

"So I was — so I am; but no such friend

as I am of yours—*your* friend, Agnes. There's no use in saying it; but, Agnes, I'd die for you—I would indeed."

"I'm not likely to ask you, Mr. Sedley; but I thought it very strange, your coming so very seldom to inquire for papa, when he was so poorly last year, when you were at Cardyllian. *He* did not seem to mind it; but, considering as you say how much you once used to be here, it did strike me as very *rude*—I may as well say what I really thought—not only unkind, but rude. So that, if there has been any change, you need not look to other people for the cause of it."

"If you knew how I blame myself for that, I think, bad as it was, you'd forgive me."

"I think it showed that you did not very much care what became of us."

"Oh! Agnes, you did not think that—you never thought it. Unless *you* are happy, I *can't* be happy, nor even then unless I think you have forgiven me; and I think if I could be sure you liked me ever so little, even in the old way, I should be one of the happiest people in the world. I don't make any excuses—I was the stupidest fool on earth—I only throw myself on your mercy, and ask you to forgive me."

"I've nothing to forgive," said Agnes, with a cruel little laugh.

"Well, well—*forget*—oh, *do!* and shake hands like your old self. You have no idea how miserable I have been."

With a very beautiful blush and a smile—a little shy, and so gratified—and a little silvery laugh, Agnes relented, and did give her hand to Tom Sedley.

"Oh, Agnes! Oh, Agnes! I'm so happy and so grateful! Oh, Agnes, you won't take it away—just for a moment."

She plucked her hand to remove it, for Tom was exceeding his privilege, and kissing it.

"*Now* we are friends," said Agnes laughing.

"Are we *quite* friends?"

"Yes, quite."

"You must not take your hand away—one moment more. Oh, Agnes, I can never tell you—never, how I love you. You are my darling, Agnes, and I can't live without you."

Agnes said something—was it reproof or repulse? He only knew that the tones were sad and gentle, and that she was drawing her hand away.

"Oh, darling, I adore you! You would not make me miserable for life. There is nothing I won't do—nothing I won't try—if you'll only say you like me—ever so

little. Do sit down here, just for a moment"—there was a rustic seat beside them—"only for a moment."

She did sit down, and he beside her. That "moment" of Tom Sedley's grew as such moments will, like the bean that Jack sowed in his garden, till it reached, Titania knows whither. I know that Miss Charity on her return surprised it still growing.

"I made the tea, Agnes, fancying you were in your room. I've had such a search for you! I really think you might have told Edward where you were going. Will you drink tea with us, Thomas Sedley, this evening? though I am afraid you'll find it perfectly cold."

If Miss Charity had been either suspicious or romantic, she would have seen by a glance at the young people's faces what had happened; but being neither, and quite pre-occupied with her theory about Cleve Verney, and having never dreamed of Tom Sedley as possibly making his *début* at Hazelden in the character of a lover—she brought her prisoners home, with only a vague sense now and then that there was either something a little odd in their manner or in her own perceptions; and she remarked, looking a little curiously at Tom, in reference to some query of hers—

"I've asked you that question twice without an answer, and now you say something totally unmeaning!"

#### CHAPTER LIII.

"*Will you tell her?*" whispered Sedley to Agnes.

"Oh, no! Do *you*," she entreated.

They both looked at Charity, who was preparing the little dog's supper of bread and milk in a saucer.

"I'll go in, and see papa, and you shall speak to her," said Agnes.

Which Tom Sedley did, so much to her amazement that she set the saucer down on the table beside her, and listened, and conversed for half an hour; and the poodle's screams and wild jumping and clawing at her elbow, at last reminded her that he had been quite forgotten.

So while its mistress was apologizing earnestly to poor Bijou, and superintending his attentions to the bread and milk, now placed upon the floor, in came Agnes, and up got Charity, and kissed her with a frank beaming smile, and said—

"I'm *excessively* glad, Agnes. I was always so fond of Thomas Sedley; and I wonder we never thought of it before."

They were all holding hands in a ring by this time.

"And what do you think Mr. Etherage will say?" inquired Tom.

"Papa! why of course he will be delighted," said Miss Charity. "He likes you extremely."

"But you know, Agnes might do so much better. She's such a treasure, there's no one that would not be proud of her, and no one could not help falling in love with her, and the Ad—I mean Mr. Etherage, may think me so presumptuous, and, you know, he may think me quite too poor."

"If you mean to say that papa would object to you because you have only four hundred a year, you think most meanly of him. I know I should not like to be connected with anybody that I thought so meanly of, because that kind of thing I look upon as really wicked; and I should be sorry to think papa was wicked. I'll go in and tell him all that has happened this moment."

In an awful suspense pretty Agnes and Tom Sedley, with her hand in both his, stood side by side, looking earnestly at the double door which separated them from this conference.

In a few minutes, they heard Vane Etherage's voice raised to a pitch of testy bluster, and then Miss Charity's rejoinder with a shrill emphasis.

"Oh! gracious goodness he's very angry. What shall we do?" exclaimed poor little Agnes, in wild helplessness.

"I knew it—I knew it—I said how it would be—he can't endure the idea, he thinks it such audacity. I knew he must, and I really think I shall lose my reason. I could not—I could not live. Oh! Agnes I couldn't if he prevents it."

In came Miss Charity, very red and angry.

"He's just in one of his odd tempers. I don't mind one word he says to-night. He'll be quite different, you'll see, in the morning. We'll sit up here, and have a good talk about it, till it's time for you to go; and you'll see I'm quite right. I'm surprised," she continued, with severity, "at his talking as he did to-night. I consider it quite worldly and wicked! But I contented myself with telling him that he did not think one word of what he said, and that he knew he didn't, and that he'd tell me so in the morning; and, instead of feeling it, as I thought he would, he said something intolerably rude."

Old Etherage, about an hour later, when they were all in animated debate, shuffled

to the door and put in his head, and looked surprised to see Tom, who looked alarmed to see him. And the old gentleman bid them all a glowering good-night, and shortly after they heard him wheeled away to his bed-room, and were relieved.

They sat up awfully late, and the old servant who poked into the room oftener than he was wanted towards the close of their sitting, looked wan and bewildered with drowsiness; and at last Charity, struck by the ghastly resignation of his countenance, glanced at the French clock over the chimney-piece and ejaculated,—

"Why, merciful goodness! is it possible? A quarter to one! It can't possibly be. Thomas Sedley will you look at your watch, and tell me what o'clock it really is?"

His watch corroborated the French clock.

"If papa heard this! I really can't the least conceive how it happened. I did not think it could have been eleven. Well, it is undoubtedly the oddest thing that ever happened in this house!"

In the morning between ten and eleven, when Tom Sedley appeared again at the drawing-room windows, he learned from Charity, in her own emphatic style of narration, what had since taken place, which was not a great deal, but still was uncomfortably ambiguous.

She had visited her father at his breakfast in the study, and promptly introduced the subject of Tom Sedley, and he broke into this line of observation,—

"I'd like to know what the deuce Tom Sedley means by talking of business to girls. I'd like to know it. I say, if he has anything to say, why doesn't he say it, that's what I say. Here I am. What has he to say. I don't object to hear him, be it sense or be it nonsense—out with it! That's my maxim; and be it sense or be it nonsense, I won't have it at second hand. That's my idea."

Acting upon this, Miss Charity insisted that he ought to see Mr. Etherage; and, with a beating heart, he knocked at the study door, and asked an audience.

"Come in," exclaimed the resonant voice of the Admiral. And Tom Sedley obeyed.

The Admiral extended his hand, and greeted Tom kindly, but gravely.

"Fine day, Mr. Sedley; very fine, sir. It's an odd thing, Tom Sedley; but there's more really fine weather up here, at Hazelnden, than anywhere else in Wales. More sunshine, and a deal less rain. You'd hardly believe, for you'd fancy on this elevated ground we should naturally have more rain, but it's less by several inches than any-

where else in Wales! And there's next to no damp — the hygrometer tells *that*. And a curious thing, you'll have a southerly wind up here when it's blowing from the east on the estuary. You can see it, by Jove! Now just look out of that window; did you ever see such sunshine as that? There's a clearness in the air up here — at the *other* side, if you go up, you get *mist* — but there's something about it here that I would not change for any place in the world."

You may be sure Tom did not dispute any of these points.

"By Jove, Tom Sedley, it would be a glorious day for a sail round the point of Penruthyn. I'd have been down with the tide, sir, this morning if I had been as I was ten years ago; but a fellow doesn't like to be lifted into his yacht, and the girls did not care for sailing; so I sold her. There wasn't such a boat — take her for every thing — in the world — *never!*"

"The *Feather*; wasn't she, sir?" said Tom.

"The *Feather!* that she was, sir. A name pretty well known, I venture to think. Yes, the *Feather* was her name."

"I *have*, sir, yes, indeed, often heard her spoken of," said Tom, who had heard one or two of the boatmen of Cardyllian mention her with a guarded sort of commendation. I never could learn, indeed, that there was any thing very remarkable about the boat; but Tom would just then have backed any assertion of the honest Admiral's with a loyal alacrity, bordering, I am afraid, upon unscrupulousness.

"There are the girls going out with their trowels, going to poke among those flowers; and certainly, I'll do them the justice to say, their garden prospers. I don't see such flowers *any* where, do you?"

"*Nowhere!*" said Tom with enthusiasm.

"Ay, there they're at it — grubbing and raking. And by-the-by, Tom, what was that? Sit down for a minute."

Tom felt as if he was going to choke; but he sat down.

"What was that — some nonsense Chariety was telling me last night?"

Thus invited, poor Sedley, with many hesitations and wanderings and falterings, did get through his romantic story. And Mr. Etherage did not look pleased by the recital: on the contrary, he carried his head unusually high, and looked hot and minatory; but he did not explode. He continued looking on the opposite wall, as he had done, as if he were eyeing a battle there, and he cleared his voice.

"As I understand it, sir, there's not an

income to make it at all prudent. I don't want my girls to marry; I should, in fact, miss them very much; but, if they do, there ought to be a settlement, don't you see? there should be a settlement, for I can't do so much for them as people suppose. The property is settled, and the greater part goes to my grand-nephew after me; and I've invested, as you know, all my stock and money in the quarry at Llanrwyd; and, if she married you, she should live in London the greater part of the year. And I don't see how you could get on upon what you both have; I don't, sir. And I must say, I think you ought to have spoken to me before paying your addresses, sir. I don't think that's unreasonable; on the contrary, I think it *reasonable, perfectly* so, and only right and fair. And I must go further, sir; I must say this, I don't see, sir, without a proper competence, what pretensions you had to address my child."

"None, sir; none in the world. Mr. Etherage. I know, sir, I've been thinking of my presumption ever since. I betrayed myself into it, sir; it was a kind of surprise. If I had reflected, I should have come to you, sir; but — but you have no idea, sir, how I adore her." Tom's eye wandered after her through the window, among the flowers. "Or what it would be to me to — to have to" —

Tom Sedley faltered, and bit his lip, and started up quickly and looked at an engraving of old Etherage's frigate, which hung on the study wall.

He looked at it for some time steadfastly. Never was man so affected by the portrait of a frigate, you would have thought. Vane Etherage saw him dry his eyes stealthily two or three times; and the old gentleman coughed a little, and looked out of the window, and would have got up, if he could, and stood close to it.

"It's a beautiful day certainly wind coming round a bit to the south though — south by east; that's always a squally wind with us; and — and — I assure you I like you, Tom; upon my honour I do, Tom Sedley — better, sir, than any young fellow I know. I think I *do* — I am *sure*, in fact, I do. But this thing — it wouldn't do — it really wouldn't; no, Tom Sedley it wouldn't *do*; if you'll reflect, you'll see it. But, of course, you may get on in the world. Rome wasn't built in a day."

"It's very kind of you, sir; but the time's so long, and so many chances," said Sedley, with a sigh like a sob; and when I go away, sir, the sooner I die, the happier for me."

Tom turned again quickly towards the

frigate—the *Vulcan*—and old Etherage looked out of the window once more, and up at the clouds.

"Yes," said the Admiral, "it will; we shall have it from south by east. And, d'y'e hear, Tom Sedley? I—I've been thinking there's no need to make any fuss about this—this thing; just let it be as if you had never said a word about it, do you mind, and come here just as usual. Let us put it out of our heads; and if you find matters improve, and still wish it, there's nothing to prevent your speaking to me; only Agnes is perfectly free, you understand, and you are not to make any change in your demeanour—ha—a—or—I mean to be more with my daughters, or any thing marked, you understand. People begin to talk here, you know, in the club-house, on very slight grounds; and—and—you understand now; and there mustn't be any nonsense; and I like you, sir—I like you, Thomas Sedley; I do—I do, indeed, sir."

And old Vane Etherage gave him a very friendly shake by the hand, and Tom thanked him gratefully, and went away reprieved, and took a walk with the girls, and told them, as they expressed it, *everything*; and Vane Etherage thought it incumbent on him to soften matters a little by asking him to dinner; and Tom accepted; and, when they broke up after tea, there was another mistake discovered about the hour, and Miss Charity most emphatically announced that it was *perfectly unaccountable*, and must never occur again; and I hope, for the sake of the venerable man, who sat up, resigned and affronted, to secure the hall-door and put out the lamps after the party had broken up, that these irregular hours were kept no more at Hazelden.

## CHAPTER LIV.

## ARCADIAN LILAC AND LABURNUM AND RED BRICK.

As time proceeds, renewal and decay, its twin principles of mutation, being everywhere, and necessarily active, apply to the moral as well as to the material world. Affections displace and succeed one another. The most beautiful are often the first to die. Characteristics, in their beginning minute and unsubstantial as the fairy brood that people the woodland air, enlarge and materialize till they usurp the dominion of the whole man, and the people and the world are changed.

Sir Booth Fanshawe is away at Paris  
LIVING AGE. VOL. VI. 223.

just now, engaged in a great negotiation, which is to bring order out of chaos, and inform him at last what he is really worth *per annum*. Margaret, and her cousin Miss Sheekleton, have revisited England: their Norman retreat is untenanted for the present.

With the sorrow of a great concealment upon her, with other sorrows that she does not tell, Margaret looks sad and pale.

In a small old suburban house, that stands alone, with a rural affectation, on a little patch of shorn grass, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, and built of a deep vermilion brick, the residence of these ladies is established.

It is a summer evening; and a beautiful little boy, more than a year old, is sprawling, and rolling, and babbling, and laughing on the grass, upon his back. Margaret is seated on the grass beside him, prattles and laughs with him, and rolls him about, delighted, and adoring her little idol.

Old Anne Sheekleton sitting on the bench, smiling happily, under the window, which is clustered round with roses, contributes her quota of nonsense to the prattle.

In the midst of this comes a ring at the bell in the jessamine-covered wall, and a tidy little maid runs out to the green door, opens it, and in steps Cleve Verney.

Margaret is on her feet in a moment, with the light of a different love, something of the old romance in the glad surprise, "Oh, darling, it is you!" and her arms are about his neck; and he stoops and kisses her fondly, and in his face for a moment is reflected the glory of that delighted smile.

"Yes, darling. Are you better?"

"Oh, yes—ever so much! I'm always well when you are here; and look, see our poor little darling."

"So he is."

"We have had such fun with him!—haven't we, Anne? I'm sure he'll be so like you."

"Is that in his favour, Cousin Anne?" asked Cleve, taking the old lady's hand.

"Why should it not?" said she gayly.

"A question—well, I take the benefit of the doubt," laughed Cleve. "No, darling," he said to Margaret, "you mustn't sit on the grass; it is damp: you'll sit beside our Cousin Anne, and be prudent."

So he instead sat down on the grass, and talked with them, and prattled and romped with the baby by turns, until the nurse came out to convey him to the nursery, and he was handed round to say what passes for

"Good-night," and give his tiny paw to each in turn.

"You look tired, Cleve darling."

"So I am, my Guido; can we have a cup of tea?"

"Oh, yes! I'll get it in a moment," said active Anne Sheekleton.

"It's too bad disturbing you!" said Cleve.

"No trouble in the world," said Anne, who wished to allow them a word together; besides, I must kiss baby in his bed."

"Yes, darling, I *am* tired," said Cleve, taking his place beside her so soon as old Anne Sheekleton was gone. "That old man" —

"Lord Verney, do you mean?"

"Yes: he has begun plaguing me again."

"What is it about, darling?"

"Oh, fifty things: he thinks, among others, I ought to marry," said Cleve, with a dreary laugh.

"Oh! I thought he had given up that," she said, with a smile that was very pale.

"So he did for a time; but I think he's possessed. If he happens to take up an idea that's likely to annoy other people, he never lets it drop till he teases them half to death. He thinks I should gain money and

political connexion, and I don't know what all, and I'm quite tired of the whole thing. What a vulgar little box this is, isn't it, darling? I almost wish you were back again in that place in France."

"But I can see you so much oftener here, Cleve!" pleaded Margaret softly, with a very sad look.

"And where's the good of seeing me here, dear Margaret? Just consider, I always come to you anxious; there's always a risk, besides, of discovery."

"Where you are is to me a paradise."

"Oh, darling! do *not* talk rubbish. This vulgar, odious little place! No place can be either — *quite*, of course, where you are. But you must see what it is — a paradise" — and he laughed peevishly — "of red brick and lilacs and laburnums, — a paradise for old Mr. Dowlas, the tallow-chandler."

There was a little tremor in Margaret's lip, and the water stood in her large eyes; her hand was, as it were, on the coffin-edge; she was looking down in the face of a dead romance.

"Now, you really must not shed tears over that speech. You are too much given to weeping, Margaret. What have I said to vex you? It merely amounts to this, that we live just now in the future; we can't well deny that, darling. But the time will come at last, and my queen enjoy her own."

And, so saying, he kissed her, and told her to be a good little girl; and from the window Miss Sheekleton handed them tea, and then she ran up to the nursery.

"You *do* look very tired, Cleve," said Margaret, looking into his anxious face.

"I am tired, darling," he said with just a degree of impatience in his tone; "I said so — horribly tired."

"I wish so much you were out of the House of Commons."

"Now, my wise little woman is talking of what she doesn't understand — not the least; besides, what would you have me turn to? I should be totally without resource and pursuit — don't you see? We must be reasonable. No, it is not that in the least that tires me, but I'm really overwhelmed with anxieties, and worried by my uncle, who wants me to marry, and thinks I can marry very well, and whom I like — that's all."

"I sometimes think, Cleve, I've spoiled your fortunes," with a great sigh, said Margaret.

"Now, where's the good of saying that, my little woman? I'm only talking of my uncle's teasing me, and wishing he'd let us both alone."

Here came a little pause.

"Is that the baby?" said Margaret, raising her head, and listening.

"I don't hear our baby or anyone else's," said Cleve.

"I fancied I heard it cry; but it wasn't."

"You must think of me more, and of that child less, darling — you must, indeed," said Cleve a little sourly.

I think the poor heart was pleased, thinking this jealousy; but I fear it was rather a splenetic impulse of selfishness, and that the baby was, in his eyes, a bore pretty often.

"Does the House sit to-night, Cleve darling?"

"Does it, indeed? Why, it's sitting now. We are to have the second reading of the West India Bill to to-night, and I must be there — yes — in an hour" — he was glancing at his watch — and "Heaven knows at what hour in the morning we shall get away."

And just at this moment old Anne Sheekleton joined them. "She's coming with more tea," she said, as the maid emerged with a little tray, "and we'll place our cups on the window-stone when we don't want them. Now, Mr. Verney, is not this a charming little spot just at this light?"

"I almost think it is," said Cleve, relenting. The golden light of evening was touching the formal poplars and the other

trees, and bringing out the wrinkles of the old bricks duskily in its flaming glow.

"Yes, just for about fifteen minutes in the twenty-four hours, when the weather is particularly favourable, it has a sort of Dutch picturesqueness; but, on the whole, it is not the sort of cottage that I would choose for a permanent dove-cot. I should fear lest my pigeons should choke with dust."

"No, there's no dust here; it is the quietest, most sylvan, little lane in the world."

"Which is a wide place," said Cleve.

"Well, with smoke, then."

"Nor smoke either."

"But I forgot, love does not die of smoke, or of anything else," said Cleve.

"No, of course, love is eternal," said Margaret.

"Just so; the King never dies. Les rois meurent-ils? Quelquefois, madame. Alas, theory and fact conflict. Love is eternal in the abstract; but nothing is more mortal than a particular love," said Cleve.

"If you think so, I wonder you ever wished to marry," said Margaret, and a faint tinge flushed her cheeks.

"I thought so, and yet I did wish to marry," said Cleve. "It is perishable, but I can't live without it;" and he patted her cheek, and laughed a rather cold little laugh.

"No, love never dies," said Margaret, with a gleam of her old fierce spirit. "But perhaps it may be killed."

"It is terrible to kill anything," said Cleve.

"To kill love," she answered, "is the worst murder of all."

"A veritable murder," he acquiesced; "once killed, it never revives."

"You like talking awfully, as if I might lose your love," said she haughtily; "as if, were I to vex you, you never could forgive."

"Forgiveness has nothing to do with it, my poor little woman. I no more called my love into being than I did myself; and should it die, either naturally or violently, I could no more recall it to life than I could Cleopatra or Napoleon Bonaparte. It is a principle, don't you see? that comes as direct as life from heaven. We can't create it, we can't restore it; and really, about love, it is worse than mortal, because, as I said, I am sure it has no resurrection — no, it has no resurrection."

"That seems to me a reason," she said, fixing her large eyes upon him with a wild

resentment, "why you should cherish it *very* much while it lives."

"And *don't* I, darling?" he said, placing his arms round her neck, and drawing her fondly to his breast, and in the thrill of that momentary effusion was something of the old feeling when to lose her would have been despair, to gain her heaven; and it seemed as if the scent of the woods of Malory, and of the soft sea-breeze, was around them for a moment.

And now he is gone, away to that weary House — lost to her, given up to his ambition, which seems more and more to absorb him; and she remains smiling on their beautiful little baby, with a great misgiving at her heart, for four and twenty hours more.

As Cleve went into the House, he met old Colonel Thongs, sometime whip of the "outs."

"You've heard about old Snowdon?"

"No."

"In the Cabinet, by Jove."

"Really?"

"Fact. Ask your uncle."

"By Jove, it is very unlooked for: no one thought of him; but I dare say he'll do very well."

"We'll soon try that."

It was a *very* odd appointment. But Lord Snowdon was gazetted; a dull man, but laborious; a man who had held minor offices at different periods of his life, and was presumed to have a competent knowledge of affairs. A dull man, owing all to his dulness, quite below many, and selected as a negative compromise for the vacant seat in the Cabinet, for which two zealous and brilliant competitors were contending.

"I see it all," thought Cleve; "that's the reason why Caroline Oldys and Lady Wimbledon are to be at Ware this autumn, and I'm to be married to the niece of a Cabinet minister."

Cleve sneered; but he felt very uneasy.

#### CHAPTER LV.

#### THE TRIUMVIRATE.

THAT night Lord Verney waited to hear the debate in the Commons — waited for the division, — and brought Cleve home with him in his brougham.

He explained to Cleve on the way how much better the debate might have been. He sometimes half regretted his seat in the Commons; there were so many things unsaid that ought to have been said, and so

many things said that had better have been omitted. And at last he remarked —

"Your uncle Arthur, my unfortunate brother had a great natural talent for speaking. It's a talent of the Verneys — about it. We all have it; and *you* have got it also; it is a gift of very decided importance in debate; it can hardly be overestimated in that respect. Poor Arthur might have done very well, but he didn't and he's gone — about it; and I'm very glad for your own sake, you are cultivating it; and it would be a very great misfortune, I've been thinking, if our family were not to marry, and secure a transmission of those hereditary talents and — and things — and — what's your opinion of Miss Caroline Oldys? I mean, quite frankly, what sort of wife you think she would make."

"Why, to begin with, she's been out a long time; but I believe she's gentle — and foolish; and I believe her mother bullies her."

"I don't know what you call bullying, my good sir; but she appears to me to be a very affectionate mother; and as to her being foolish — about it — I can't perceive it; on the contrary, I've conversed with her a good deal — and things — and I've found her very superior indeed to any young woman I can recollect having talked to. She takes an interest in things which don't interest or — or — interest other young persons; and she likes to be instructed about affairs — and, my dear Cleve, I think where a young person of merit — either rightly or wrongly interpreting what she conceives to be your attentions — becomes decidedly *epuis* of you, she ought to be — a — considered — her feelings, and things; and I thought I might as well mention my views, and go — about it — straight to the point; and I think you will perceive that it is reasonable, and that's the position — about it; and you know, Cleve, in these circumstances you may reckon upon me to do anything in reason that may still lie in my power — about it."

"You have always been too kind to me."

"You shall find me so still. Lady Wimbledon takes an interest in you, and Miss Caroline Oldys will, I undertake to say, more and more decidedly as she comes to know you better."

And, so saying, Lord Verney leaned back in the brougham as if taking a doze; and, after about five minutes of closed eyes and silence, he suddenly awakened up and said —

"It is, in fact, it strikes me, high time, Cleve, you should marry — about it — and

you must have money, too; you want money, and you shall have it."

"I'm afraid money is not one of *Caroline's* strong points."

"You need not trouble yourself upon that point, sir; if I'm satisfied, I fancy *you* may. I've quite enough for both, I presume: and — and so we'll let that matter rest."

And the noble lord let himself rest also, leaning stiffly back with closed eyes, and nodding and swaying silently with the motion of the carriage.

I believe he was only ruminating after his manner in these periods of apparent repose. He opened his eyes again, and remarked —

"I have talked over this affair carefully with Mr. Larkin — a most judicious and worthy person — about it, and you can talk to him, and so on, when he comes to town, and I should rather wish you to do so."

Lord Verney relapsed into silence and the semblance, at least, of slumber.

"So Larkin's at the bottom of it; I knew he was," thought Cleve, with a pang of hatred which augured ill for the future prospects of that good man. "He has made this alliance for the Oldys and Wimbledon faction, and I'm Mr. Larkin's parti, and am to settle the management of everything upon him; and what a judicious diplomatist he is — and how he has put his foot in it. A blundering, hypocritical coxcomb — D—n him!"

Then his thoughts wandered away to Larkin, and to his instrument Mr. Dingwell, "who looks as if he came from the galleys. We have heard nothing of him for a year or more. Amongst the Greek and Malay scoundrels again, I suppose; the Turks are too good for him."

But Mr. Dingwell had not taken his departure, and was not thinking of any such step yet, at least. He had business still on his hands, and a mission unaccomplished.

Still in the same queer lodgings, and more jealously shut up during the daytime than ever, Mr. Dingwell lived his odd life, professing to hate England — certainly in danger there — he yet lingered on for a set purpose, over which he brooded and laughed in his hermitage.

To so chatty a person as Mr. Dingwell, solitude for a whole day was irksome. Sarah Rumble was his occasional resource, and when she brought him his cup of black coffee he would make her sit down by the wall, like a servant at prayers, and get from her all the news of the dingy little neighbourhood, with a running commentary of his own flighty and savage irony, and he would sometimes entertain her, between the

whiffs of his long pipe, with talk of his own, which he was at no pains to adapt to her comprehension, and delivered rather for his own sole entertainment.

"The world, the flesh, and the devil, ma'am. The two first we know pretty well — hey? the other we take for granted. I suppose there is somebody of the sort. We are all pigs, ma'am — unclean animals — and this is a sty we live in — slime and abomination. Strong delusion is, unseen, circling in the air. Our ideas of beauty, delights of sense, varieties of intellect — all a most comical and frightful cheat — egad! What fun we must be, ma'am, to the spirits who *have* sight and intellect! I think, ma'am, we're meant for their pantomime — don't you? Our airs, and graces, and dignities, and compliments, and beauties, and dandies — our metal coronets, and lawn sleeves, and whalebone wigs — fun, ma'am, lots of fun! And here we are, a wonderful work of God. Eh? Come. ma'am — a word in your ear — all *putrefaction* — pah! nothing clean but fire, and that makes us roar and vanish — a very odd position we're placed in: hey, ma'am?"

Mr. Dingwell had at first led Sarah Rumble a frightful life, for she kept the door where the children were peremptorily locked, at which he took umbrage, and put her on fatigue duty, more than trebling her work by his caprices, and requiting her with his ironies and sneers, finding fault with everything, pretending to miss money out of his desk, and every day threatening to invoke Messrs. Levi and Goldshed, and invite an incursion of the police, and showing in his face, his tones — his jeers pointed and envenomed by revenge — that his hatred was active and fiendish.

But Sarah Rumble was resolute. He was not a desirable companion for childhood of either sex, and the battle went on for a considerable time; and poor Sarah in her misery besought Messrs. Levi and Goldshed with many tears and prayers, that he might depart from her; and Levi looked at Goldshed, and Goldshed at Levi, quite gravely, and Levi winked, and Goldshed nodded, and said, "A bad boy;" and they spake comfortably, and told her they would support her, but Mr. Dingwell must remain her inmate, but they'd take care he should do her no harm.

Mr. Dingwell had a latch-key, which he at first used sparingly or timidly; with time, however, his courage grew, and he was out more or less every night. She used to hear him go out after the little household was in

bed, and sometimes she heard him lock the hall-door, and his step on the stairs when the sky was already gray with the dawn.

And gradually finding company such as he affected out of doors, I suppose, he did not care so much for the seclusion of his fellow-lodgers, and ceased to resent it almost, and made it up with Sarah Rumble.

And one night, having to go up between one and two for a match-box to the lobby, she encountered Mr. Dingwell coming down. She was dumb with terror, for she did not know him, and took him for a burglar, he being somehow totally changed — she was too confused to recollect exactly, only that he had red hair and whiskers, and looked stouter.

She did not know him the least till he laughed. She was near fainting, and leaned with her shoulder to the corner of the wall; and he said, —

"I've to put on these; you keep my secret, mind; you may lose me my life, else."

And he took her by the chin, and gave her a kiss, and then a slap on the cheek that seemed to her harder than play, for her ear tingled with it for an hour after, and she uttered a little cry of fright, and he laughed, and glided out of the hall-door, and listened for the tread of a policeman, and peeped slyly up and down the court; and then, with his cotton umbrella in his hand, walked quietly down the passage and disappeared.

Sarah Rumble feared him all the more for this little rencontre and the shock she had received; for there was a suggestion of something felonious in his disguise. She was, however, a saturnine and silent woman, with few acquaintances, and no fancy for collecting or communicating news. There was a spice of danger, too, in talking of this matter; so she took council of the son of Sirach, who says, "If thou hast heard a word, let it die with thee, and, behold, it will not burst thee."

Sarah Rumble kept his secret, and henceforward at such hours kept close when in the deep silence of the night she heard the faint creak of his stealthy shoe upon the stair, and avoided him as she would a meeting with a ghost.

Whatever were his amusements, Messrs. Goldshed and Levi grumbled savagely at the cost of them. They grumbled because grumbling was a principle of theirs in carrying on their business.

"No matter how it turns out, keep always grumbling to the man who led you in-

to the venture, especially if he has a claim to a share of the profits at the close."

So whenever Mr. Larkin saw Messrs. Goldshed and Levi he heard mourning and imprecation. The Hebrews shook their heads at the Christian, and chanted a Jeremiad, in duet, together, and each appealed to the other for confirmation of the dolorous and bitter truths he uttered. And the iron safe opened its jaws, and disgorged the private ledger of the firm, which ponderous and greasy tome was laid on the desk with a pound, and opened at this transaction — the matter of Dingwell, Verney, &c.; and Mr. Levi would run his black nail along the awful items of expenditure that filled column after column.

"Look at that — look here — look, will you? — look, I say: you never sawed an account like that — never — all this here — look — down — and down — and down — and down —"

"Enough to frighten the Bank of England!" boomed Mr. Goldshed.

"Look down thish column," resumed Levi, "and thish, and thish, and thish — there's nine o' them — and not one stiver on th' other side. Look, look, look, look, look! Da-am, it'sh all a quaaq, and a quickshand — nothing but shink and shwalow, and give ush more" — and as he spoke Levi was knocking the knuckles of his long lean fingers fiercely upon the empty columns, and eyeing Larkin with a rueful ferocity, as if he had plundered and half-murdered him and his partner, who sat there innocent as the babes in the wood.

Mr. Larkin knew quite well, however, that, so far from regretting their investment, they would not have sold their ventures under a very high figure indeed.

"And that da-am Dingwell, talking as if he had us all in quod, by —, and always whimperin', and whingin', and swearin' for more — why you'd say, to lis en to his bosh, 'twas him had us under his knuckle — you would — the lunatic!"

"And may I ask what he wants just at present?" inquired Mr. Larkin.

"What he always wants, and won't be easy never till he gets it — a walk up the mill sir, and his head cropped, and six months' solitary, and a touch of corporal now and again. I never saw'd a cove as wanted a teazin' more: that's what he wants. What he's looking for, of course, is different, only he shan't get it, nohow. And I think, looking at that book there, as I showed you this account in — considering what me and the gov'nor here has done — 'twould only be fair you should come down with summut, if

you goes in for the lottery, with other gentlemen as pays their pool like bricks, and never does modest, by no chance."

"He has pushed that game a little too far," said Mr. Larkin; "I have considered his feelings a great deal too much."

"Yesh, but *we* have feelinsh. The gov'nor has feelinsh; I have *feelinsh*. Think what state our feelinsh is in, lookin' at that there account," said Mr. Levi, with much pathos.

Mr. Larkin glanced toward the door, and then toward the window.

"We are quite *alone*?" said he mildly.

"Yesh, without you have the devil in your pocket, as old Dingwell saysh," answered Levi sulkily.

"For there are subjects of a painful nature, as you know, gentlemen, connected with this particular case," continued Mr. Larkin.

"Awful painful; but we'll sta-an' it," said Goldshed, with unctuous humour; "we'll sta-an' it, but wishes it over quick;" and he winked at Levi.

"Yesh, he wishes it over quick," echoed Levi; "the gov'nor and me, we wishes it over quick."

"And so do I, *most* assuredly; but we must have a little patience. If deception does lurk here — and you know I warned you I suspected it — we must not prematurely trouble Lord Verney."

"He might throw up the sponge, he might, I *know*," said Levi, with a nod.

"I don't know what course Lord Verney might think it right in such a case to adopt; I only know, that, until I am in a position to reduce suspicion to certainty, it would hardly consist with right feeling to torture his mind upon the subject. In the mean time he is — a — growing" —

"Growing warm in his birth," said Goldshed.

"Establishing himself, I should say, in his position. He has been incurring, I need hardly tell you, enormous expense in restoring (I might say *rebuilding*) the princely mansions of Ware, and of Verney House. He applied much ready money to that object, and has charged the estates with nearly sixty thousand pounds besides." Mr. Larkin lowered his tones reverentially at the mention of so considerable a sum.

"I know Sirachs did nigh thirty thousand o' that," said Mr. Goldshed.

"And that tends to — to — as I may say, *steady* him in his position; and I may mention, in confidence, gentlemen, that there are other measures on the *tapis* (he pro-

nounced taypis) which will further and still more decidedly fix him in his position. It would pain us all deeply, gentlemen, that a premature disclosure of my uneasiness should inspire his lordship with a panic in which he might deal ruinously with his own interests, and, in fact, as you say, Mr. Levi, throw up the — the —

"Sponge," said Levi reflectively.

"But I may add," said Mr. Larkin, "that I am impatiently watching the moment when it may become my duty to open my suspicions fully to Lord Verney; and that I have reason to know that that moment cannot now be distant."

"Here's Tomlinson comin' up, gov'nor," said Mr. Levi, jumping off the table on which he had been sitting, and sweeping the great ledger into his arms, he pitched it into its berth in the safe, and locked it into that awful prison-house.

"I said he would," said Goldshed, with a lazy smile, as he unlocked a drawer in the lumbering office table at which he sat. "Don't bring out them overdue renewals; we'll not want them till next week."

Mr. Tomlinson, a tall, thin man, in light drab trousers, with a cotton umbrella swinging in his hand, and a long careworn face, came striding up the court.

"You won't do *that* for him?" asked Levi.

"No, not to-day," murmured Mr. Goldshed, with a wink. And Mr. Tomlinson's timid knock and feeble ring at the door were heard.

And Mr. Larkin put on his well-brushed hat, and pulled on his big lavender gloves, and stood up at his full length, in his new black frock-coat, and waist-coat and trousers of the accustomed hue, and presents the usual glossy and lavender-tinted effect, and a bland simper rests on his lank cheeks, and his small pink eyes look their adieux upon Messrs. Goldshed and Levi, on whom his airs and graces are quite lost; and, with his slim silk umbrella between his great finger and thumb, he passes loftily by the cotton umbrella of Mr. Tomlinson, and fancies, with a pardonable egotism, that that poor gentleman, whose head is full of his bill-book and renewals, and possible executions, and preparing to deceive a villanous omniscience, and to move the compassion of Pandemonium — is thinking of *him*, and mistaking him, possibly, for a peer, or for some other type of aristocracy.

The sight of that unfortunate fellow, Tomlinson, with a wife and a seedy hat, and children, and a cotton umbrella, whose little business was possibly about to be knocked

about his ears, moved a lordly pity in Mr. Larkin's breast, and suggested contrasts, also, of many kinds, that were calculated to elate his good humour; and as he stepped into the cab, and the driver waited to know "where," he thought he might as well look in upon the recluse of Rosemary Court, and give him, of course with the exquisite tact that was peculiar to him, a hint or two in favour of reason and moderation; for really it *was* quite true what Mr. Levi had said about the preposterous presumption of a person in Mr. Dingwell's position affecting the airs of a dictator.

So being in the mood to deliver a lecture, to the residence of that uncomfortable old gentleman he drove, and walked up the flagged passage to the flagged court-yard, and knocked at the door, and looked up at the square ceiling of sickly sky, and strode up the narrow stairs after Mrs. Rumble.

"How d'ye do, sir? Your soul quite well, I trust. Your spiritual concerns flourishing to-day?" was the greeting of Mr. Dingwell's mocking voice.

"Thanks, Mr. Dingwell; I'm very well," answered Mr. Larkin, with a bow which was meant to sober Mr. Dingwell's mad humour.

Sarah Rumble, as we know, had a defined fear of Mr. Dingwell, but also a vague terror; for there was a great deal about him ill-omened and mysterious. There was a curiosity, too, active within her, intense and rather ghastly, about all that concerned him. She did not care, therefore, to get up and go away from the small hole in the carpet which she was darning on the lobby, and through the door she heard faintly some talk she didn't understand, and Mr. Dingwell's voice, at a high pitch, said —

"D—— you, sir, do you think I'm a fool? Don't you think I've *your letter*, and a copy of my own? If we draw swords, egad, sir, mine's the longer and sharper, as you'll feel. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, lawk!" gasped Sarah Rumble, standing up, and expecting the clash of rapiers.

"Your face, sir, is as white and yellow — you'll excuse me — as an old turban. I beg your pardon; but I want you to understand that I see you're frightened, and that I won't be bullied *by* you."

"I don't suppose, sir, you meditate totally ruining yourself," said Mr. Larkin, with dignity.

"I tell you, sir, if anything goes wrong with me, I'll make a clean breast of it — *everything* — ha, ha, ha! — upon my honour — and we two shall grill together."

Larkin had no idea he was going in for so hazardous and huge a game when he sat down to play. His vision was circumscribed, his prescience small. He looked at the beast he had imported, and wished him in a deep grave in Scutari, the scheme quashed, and the stakes drawn.

But wishing would not do. The spirit was evoked — in nothing more manageable than at first; on the contrary, rather more insane. Nerve was needed, subtlety, compliance, and he must manage him.

"Why the devil did you bring me here, sir, if you were not prepared to treat me properly? You know my circumstances, and you want to practise on my misfortunes, you vile rogue, to mix me up in your fraudulent machinations."

"Pray, sir, not so loud. Do — do command yourself," remonstrated Larkin almost affectionately.

"Do you think I'm come all this way, at the risk of my life, to be *your* slave, you shabby, canting attorney? I'd better be where I was, or in kingdom come. By Allah! sir, you *have* me, and I'm your *master*, and you shan't have my soul for nothing."

There came a loud knock at the hall-door, and if it had been a shot and killed them both, the debaters in the drawing-room could not have been more instantaneously and breathlessly silent.

Down glided Sarah Rumble, who had been expecting this visit, to pay the taxman.

And she had hardly taken his receipt, when Mr. Larkin, very pink, endeavouring to smile in his discomfiture, and observing, with a balmy condescension, "A sweet day, Mrs. Rumble," appeared, shook his ears a little, and adjusted his hat, and went forth, and Rosemary Court saw him no more for some time.

#### CHAPTER LVI.

#### IN VERNEY HOUSE.

MR. LARKIN got into his cab, and ordered the cabman, in a loud voice, to drive to Verney House.

"Didn't he know Verney House? He thought every cabman in London knew Verney House! The house of Lord Viscount Verney, in — Square. Why it fills up a whole side of it!"

He looked at his watch. He had twenty-seven minutes to reach it in. It was partly to get rid of a spare half-hour, that he had

paid his unprofitable visit to Rosemary Court.

Mr. Larkin registered a vow to confer no more with Mr. Dingwell. He eased his feelings by making a note of this resolution in that valuable little memorandum book which he carried about with him in his pocket.

"Saw Mr. Dingwell this day — as usual impracticable and ill-bred to a hopeless degree — waste of time, and worse — resolved that this gentleman being inaccessible to reason, is not to be argued, but DEALT with, should occasion hereafter arise for influencing his conduct."

Somewhere about T'mple-bar, Mr. Larkin's cab got locked in a string of vehicles, and he put his head out of the window, not being sorry for an opportunity of astonishing the citizens by calling to the driver —

"I say, my good fellow, can't you get on? I told Lord Verney to expect me at half-past one. Do, pray, get me out of this, any way, and you shall have a gratuity of half a crown. Verney House is a good step from this. Do try. His lordship will be as much obliged to you as I am."

Mr. Larkin's assiduities and flatteries were, in truth, telling upon Lord Verney, with whom he was stealing into a general confidence which alarmed many people, and which Cleve Verney hated more than ever.

With the pretty mansion of Hazelden, the relations, as Lord Verney would have said of the House of Ware, were no longer friendly. This was another instance of the fragility of human arrangements, and the vanity of human hopes. The altar had been erected, the swine sacrificed, and the augurs and haruspices on both sides had predicted nothing but amity and concord. Game, fruit, and venison, went and came, — "Much good may it do your good heart." "It was ill-killed," &c. Master Shallow and Master Page could not have been more courteous on such occasions. But on the *fête champêtre* had descended a sudden procella. The roses were whirling high in the darkened air, the flatteries and laughter were drowned in thunder, and the fiddles smashed with hail-stones as large as potatoes.

A general election had come and gone, and in that brief civil war old Vane Etherage was found at the wrong side. In Lord Verney's language, neighbour meant something like vassal; and Etherage, who had set up his banners and arrayed his power on the other side, was a rebel. The less

forgivable that he had, as was authentically demonstrated, by this step himself inflicted that defeat in the county which had wounded Lord Verney to the quick.

So silence descended upon the interchange of civil speeches; the partridges and pheasants winged from Ware in a new direction, and old Vane Etherage stayed his friendly hand also; and those tin cases of Irish salmon, from the old gentleman's fisheries, packed in ice, as fresh as if they had sprung from the stream only half an hour before, were no longer known at Ware; and those wonderful fresh figs, green and purple, which Lord Verney affected, for which Hazleden is famous, and which Vane Etherage was fond of informing his guests were absolutely unequalled in any part of the known world. England could not approach them for bulk and ripeness, nor foreign parts — and he had eaten figs wherever figs grow — for aroma and flavour, no longer crossed the estuary. Thus this game of beggar-my-neighbour began. Lord Verney recalled his birds, and Mr. Etherage withdrew his figs. Mr. Etherage lost his great black grapes; and Lord Verney sacrificed his salmon, and in due time Lord Verney played a writ, and invited an episode in a court of law, and another, more formidable, in the Court of Chancery.

So the issues of war were knit again, and Vane Etherage was now informed by his lawyers there were some very unpleasant questions mooted affecting his title to the Windermore estate, for which he paid a trifling rent to the Verneys.

So, when Larkin went into Verney House he was closeted with its noble master for a good while, and returning to a smaller library — devoted to blue books and pamphlets — where he had left a despatch-box and umbrella during his wait for admission to his noble client, he found Cleve busy there.

"Oh, Mr Larkin! How d'ye do? Anything to say to me?" said the handsome young man, whose eye looked angry though he smiled.

"Ah, thanks! No, no, Mr. Verney. I hope and trust I see you well; but no, I had not any communication to make. Shall I be honoured, Mr. Verney, with any communication from you?"

"I've nothing to say, thanks, except, of course, to say how much obliged I am for the very particular interest you take in my affairs.

I should be eminently gratified, Mr. Verney, to merit your approbation; but I fear, sir, as yet I can hardly hope to have merit-

ed your thanks," said Mr. Larkin modestly.

"You won't let me thank you; but I quite understand the nature and extent of your kindness. My uncle is by no means so reserved, and he has told me very frankly the care you have been so good to take of me. He's more obliged even than I am, and so, I am told, is Lady Wimbledon also."

Cleve had said a great deal more than at starting he had at all intended. It would have been easy to him to have dismissed the attorney without allusion to the topic that made him positively hateful in his eyes; but it was not easy to hint at it, and quite command himself also, and the result illustrated the general fact that total abstinence is easier than moderation.

Now the effect of this little speech of Cleve's upon the attorney was to abash Mr Larkin, and positively to confound him, in a degree quite unusual in a Christian so armed on most occasions with that special grace called presence of mind. The blood mounted to his hollow cheeks, and up to the summit of his tall bald head; his eyes took their rat-like character, and looked dangerously in his for a second, and then down to the floor, and scanned his own boots; and he bit his lip, and essayed a little laugh, and tried to look innocent, and broke down in the attempt. He cleared his voice once or twice to speak, but said nothing; and all this time Cleve gave him no help whatsoever, but enjoyed his evident confusion with an angry sneer.

"I hope, Mr. Cleve Verney," at length Mr. Larkin began, "where duty and expediency pull in opposite directions, I shall always be found at the right side."

"The winning side at all events," said Cleve.

"The *right* side, I venture to repeat. It has been my misfortune to be misunderstood more than once in the course of my life. It is our duty to submit to misinterpretation, as to other afflictions, patiently. I hope I have done so. My first duty is to my client."

"I'm no client of yours, sir."

"Well, conceding that, sir, to your *uncle* — to Lord Verney, I will say — to his views of what the interests of his house demand, and to his feelings."

"Lord Verney has been good enough to consult me, hitherto, upon this subject — a not quite unnatural confidence, I venture to think — more than you seem to suspect. He seems to think, and so do I, that I've a voice in it, and has not left me absolutely in the hands — in a matter of so much im-

portance and delicacy — of his country lawyer."

"I had no power in this case, sir; not even of mentioning the subject to you, who certainly, in one view, are more or less affected by it."

"Thank you for the concession," sneered Cleve.

"I make it unaffectedly, Mr. Cleve Verney," replied Larkin graciously.

"My uncle, Lord Verney, has given me leave to talk to you upon the subject. I venture to decline that privilege. I prefer speaking to him. He seems to think that I ought to be allowed to advise a little in the matter; and that, with every respect for his wishes, mine also are entitled to be a little considered. Should I ever talk to you, Mr. Larkin, it shan't be to ask your advice. I'm detaining you, sir, and I'm also a little busy myself."

Mr. Larkin looked at the young man for a second or two a little puzzled; but encountering only a look of stern impatience, he made his best bow, and the conference ended.

A few minutes later in came our old friend, Tom Sedley.

"Oh! Sedley? Very glad to see you here; but I thought you did not want to see my uncle just now; and this is the most likely place, except the library, to meet him in."

"He's gone; I saw him go out this moment. I should not have come in otherwise, and you mustn't send me away, dear Cleve, I'm in such awful trouble. Everything has gone wrong with us at Hazleden. You know that quarrying company — the slates — that odious fellow, Larkin, led him into, before the election — and all the other annoyances began."

"You mean the Llandrwyd Company?"

"Yes; so I do."

"But that's quite ruined, you know, sit down."

"I know. He has lost — frightfully — and Mr. Etherage must pay up ever so much in calls beside; and unless he can get it on a mortgage of the Windermore Estate, he can't possibly pay them — and I've been trying, and the result is just this — they won't lend it anywhere till the litigation is settled."

"Well, what can I do?" said Cleve, yawning stealthily into his hand, and looking very tired. I am afraid these tragic confidences of Tom Sedley's did not interest Cleve very much; rather bored him, on the contrary.

"They won't lend, I say, while this litigation is pending."

"Depend upon it they won't" acquiesced Cleve.

"And in the mean time, you know, Mr. Etherage would be ruined."

"Well, I see; but, I say again, What can I do?"

"I want you to try if anything can be done with Lord Verney," said Tom beseechingly.

"Talk to my uncle? I wish, dear Tom, you could teach me how to do that."

"It can't do any harm, Cleve — it can't," urged Tom Sedley piteously.

"Nor one particle of good. You might as well talk to that picture — I do assure you, you might."

"But it could be no pleasure to him to ruin Mr. Etherage!"

"I'm not so sure of that; between ourselves, forgiving is not one of his weaknesses."

"But I say it's quite impossible — an old family, and liked in the county, it would be a scandal for ever!" pleaded Tom Sedley distractedly.

"Not worse than that business of Booth Fanshawe," said Cleve, looking down;

"No, he never forgives anything. I don't think he perceives he's taking a revenge; he has not *mind* enough for repentance," said Cleve, who was not in good humour with his uncle just then.

"Won't you try? You're such an eloquent fellow, and there's really so much to be said!"

"I do assure you, there's no more use than in talking to the chimney-piece; but, if you make a point of it, I will; but by Jove, you could hardly choose a worse advocate just now, for he's teasing me to do what I *can't* do. If you heard my miserable story, it would make you laugh; it's like a thing in a *petit comédie*, and it's breaking my heart."

"Well, then, you'll try — won't you try?" said Tom, overlooking his friend's description of his own troubles.

"Yes, as you desire it, I'll try; but I don't expect the slightest good from it, and possibly some mischief," he replied.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Cleve; I'm going down to-night. Would it be too much to ask you for a line, or, if it's good news, a telegram to Lluinan."

"I may safely promise you that, I'm sorry to say, without risk of trouble. You mustn't think me unkind; but it would be cruel to let you hope when there is not, really, a chance."

So Tom drove away to his club, to write his daily love-letter to Agnes Etherage, in

time for post; and to pen a few lines for old Vane Etherage, and try to speak comfortably to that family, over whose roof had gathered an awful storm.

## CHAPTER LVII.

"That night a child might understand,  
The de'il had business on his hand."

I ENDED my last chapter with mention of a metamorphic storm; but a literal storm broke over the city of London on that night, such as its denizens remembered for many a day after. The lightning seemed, for more than an hour, the continuous pulsations of light from a sulphurous furnace, and the thunder pealed with the cracks and rattlings of one long roar of artillery. The children, waked by the din, cried in their beds in terror, and Sarah Rumble got her dress about her, and said her prayers in panic.

After a while, the intervals between the awful explosions were a little more marked, and Miss Rumble's voice could be heard by the children, comforting and re-assuring in the brief lulls; although, had they known what a fright their comforter was herself in, their confidence in her would have been impaired.

Perhaps there was a misgiving in Sarah Rumble's mind that the lightnings and thunders of irate heaven were invoked by the presence of her mysterious lodger. Was even she herself guiltless, in hiding under her roof-tree that impious old sinner, whom Rosemary Court disgorged at dead of night, as the churchyard does a ghost—about whose past history, whose doings and whose plans, except that they were wicked,—she knew no more than about those of an evil spirit, had she chanced, in one of her spectre-seeing moods, to spy one moving across the lobby.

His talk was so cold and wicked; his temper so fiendish; his nocturnal disguises and outdoings so obviously pointed to secret guilt; and his relations with the meek Mr. Larkin, and with those potent Jews, who, grumbling and sullen, yet submitted to his caprices, as genii to those of the magician who has the secret of command,—that Mr. Dingwell had in her eyes something of a supernatural horror surrounding him. In the thunder-storm, Sarah Rumble vowed secretly to reconsider the religious propriety of harbouring this old man; and amid these qualms, it was with something of fear and anger that, in a silence between the peals of the now subsiding storm, she heard the creak of his shoe upon the stair.

That even on such a night, with the voice of divine anger in the air, about his ears, he could not forego his sinister excursions, and for once at these hours remain decorously in his rooms! Her wrath overcame her fear of him. She would *not* have her house burnt and demolished over her head, with thunderbolts, for *his* doings.

She went forth, with her candle in her hand, and stood at the turn of the banister, confronting Mr. Dingwell, who, also furnished with a candle, was now about midway down the last flight of stairs.

"Egeria, in the thunder!" exclaimed the hard, scoffing tones of Mr. Dingwell; whom, notwithstanding her former encounter with him, she would hardly have recognized in his ugly disguise.

"A hoffle night for any one to go out, sir," she said rather sternly, with a courtesy at the same time.

"Hoffle is it?" said Mr. Dingwell, amused, with mock gravity.

"The hofflest, sir, I think I ever 'ave remembered."

"Why, ma'am, it isn't *raining*; I put my hand out of the window. There's none of that hoffle rain, ma'am, that gives a fellow rheumatism. I hope there's no unusual fog—is there?"

"*There*, sir!" exclaimed she, as a long and loud peal rattled over Rosemary Court, with a blue glare through the lobby window and the fanlight in the hall. She paused, and lifted her hand and eyes till it subsided, and then murmured an ejaculation.

"I like thunder, my dear. It reminds me of your name, dear Miss Rumble;" and he prolonged the name with a rolling pronunciation. "Shakspeare, you know, who says everything better than any one else in the world, makes that remarkable old gentleman, King Lear, say, '*Thunder, rumble thy bellyfull!*' Of course, *I* would not say *that* in a drawing-room, or to you; but kings are so refined they may say things *we can't*, and a genius like Shakspeare hits it off."

"I would not go out, sir, on such a night, except I was very sure it was about something *good* I was a-going," said Miss Rumble, very pale.

"You labour under electro-phobia, my dear ma'am, and mistake it for piety. I'm not a bit afraid of that sort of artillery, madam. Here we are, two or three millions of people in this town; and two or three millions of shots, and we'll see by the papers, I venture to say, not one shot tells. Don't you think if Jupiter really meant mischief he could manage something better?"

"I know, sir, it ought to teach us"—

here she winced and paused; for another glare, followed by another bellow of the thunder, "long, loud, and deep," interposed. "It should teach us some godly fear, if we has none by nature."

Mr. Dingwell looked at his watch.

"Oh! Mr. Dingwell, it is hoggle. I wish you would only see it, sir."

"See the thunder, eh?"

"My poor mother! She always made us go down on our knees, and say our prayers — she would — while the thunder was."

"You'd have had rather long prayers to-night. How your knees must have ached — egad! I don't wonder you dread it, Miss Sarah."

"And so I *do*, Mr. Dingwell, and so I should. Which I think all other sinners should dread it also."

"Meaning me?"

"And take warning of the wrath to come."

Here was another awful clap.

"Hoggle it is, Mr. Dingwell, and a warning to you, sent special mayhap."

"Hardly fair to disturb all the town for me, don't you think?"

"You're an old man, Mr. Dingwell."

"And you're an old woman, Miss Sarah," said he, not caring to be reminded of his years by other people, though he playfully called himself on occasions an old "boy." — "as old as Abraham's wife, whose namesake you are, though you have not lighted on an Abraham yet, nor become the mother of a great nation."

"Old enough to be good enough, as my poor mother used to say, sir. I am truly; and sorry I am, Mr. Dingwell, to see you, on this hoggle night, bent on no good. I'm afraid, sir — oh, sir, sir, oughtn't you think, with them sounds in your ears, Mr. Dingwell?"

"The most formidable thunder, my dear Sarah, proceeds from the silvery tongue of woman. I can stand any other. *It* frightens me. So, egad, if you please, I'll take refuge in the open air, and go out, and patter a prayer."

And with a nod and a smirk, having had enough fooling, he glided by Miss Rumble, who made him an appalled courtesy, and, setting down his candle on the hall-table, he said, touching his false whiskers with his finger-tips, "Mind, not a word about these — By — you'd better not."

She made another courtesy. He stopped and looked at her for an answer.

"Can't you *speak*?" he said.

"No, sir — sure — not a word," she faltered.

"Good girl!" he said, and opened the door with his latch-key in his pocket, on pitchy darkness, which was instantaneously illuminated by the lightning; and another awful roar of thunder broke over their heads.

"The voice of heaven in warning!" she murmured to herself, as she stood by the banisters, dazzled by the gleam, and listening to the reverberation ringing in her ears.

"I pray God he may turn back yet."

He looked over his shoulder.

"Another shot, Miss Rumble — missed again, you see." He nodded, stepped out into darkness, and shut the door. She heard his steps in the silence that followed, traversing the flags of the court.

"Oh, dear! but I wish he *was* gone, right out — a hoggle old man he is! There's a weight on my conscience like, and a fright in my heart, there is, ever since he came into the 'ouse. He is so presumptuous! To see that hold man made hup with them rings and whiskers, like a robber or a play-actor! And defyin' the blessed thunder of heaven — a walking hout, a mockin' and darin' it, at these hours — Oh law!"

The interjection was due to another flash and peal.

"I wouldn't wonder — no more I would — if that flash was the death o' 'im!"

#### CHAPTER LVIII.

##### THE PALE HORSE.

SALLY RUMBLE knocked at the usual hour at the old man's door next morning.

"Come in, ma'am," he answered, in a weary, peevish voice. Open the window-shutter, and give me some light, and hand me my watch, please."

All which she did.

"I have not closed my eyes from the time I lay down."

"Not ailing, sir, I hope?"

"Just allow me to count, and I'll tell you, my dear."

He was trying his pulse.

"Just as I thought, egad. The pale horse in the Revelation, ma'am, he's running a gallop in my pulse; it has been threatening the last three days, and now I'm in for it, and I should not be surprised, Miss Sally, if it ended in a funeral in our alley."

"God forbid, sir."

"Amen, with all my heart. Ay, the pale horse; my head's splitting; oblige me with the looking-glass, and a little less light will answer. Thank you — very good. Just

draw the curtain open at the foot of the bed; please, hold it nearer — thank you. Yes, a ghost, ma'am — ha, ha! — at last, I do suppose. My eyes, too — I've seen pits, with the water drying up, hollow — ay, ay; sunk — and — now — did you see? Well, look at my tongue — here" — and he made the demonstration; "you never saw a worse tongue than *that*, I fancy; that tongue, ma'am, is eloquent, I think."

"Please God, sir, you'll soon be better."

"Draw the curtain a bit more; the light falls oddly, or — does it? — my face. Did you ever see, ma'am, a face so nearly the colour of a coffin-plate?"

"Don't be talking, sir, please, of no such thing," said Sally Rumble, taking heart of grace, for women generally pluck up a spirit when they see a man floored by sickness. "I'll make you some whey or barley-water, or would you like some weak tea better?"

"Ay; will you draw the curtain close again, and take away the looking-glass? Thanks. I believe I've drunk all the water in the carafe. Whey — well I suppose it's the right thing — *caudle* when we're coming in, and *whey*, ma'am, when we're going out, Baptism of Infants, Burial of the Dead! My poor mother, how she did put us through the prayer-book, and Bible — Bible. Dear me!

"There's a very good man, sir, please — the Rev. Doctor Bartlett, though he's gone rather old. He came in, and read a deal, and prayed, every day with my sister when she was sick, poor thing."

"Bartlett? What's his Christian name? You need not speak loud — it plays the devil with my head."

"The Reverend Thomas Bartlett, please, sir."

"Of Jesus?"

"What, sir, please?"

"Jesus College."

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir."

"Is he old?"

"Yes, sir, past seventy."

"Ha — well I don't care a farthing about him," said Mr. Dingwell.

"Will you, please, have in the apothecary, sir? I'll fetch him directly if you wish."

"No — no apothecary, no clergyman; I don't believe in the Apostles' Creed, ma'am, and I do believe in the jokes about apothecaries. If I'm to go, I'll go quietly if you please."

Honest Sally Rumble was heavy at heart to see this old man, who certainly did look ghastly enough to suggest ideas of the undertaker and the sexton, in so unsatisfactory a plight as to his immortal part. Was

he a Jew? — there wasn't a hair on his chin — or a Roman Catholic? — or a member of any one of those multitudinous forms of faith which she remembered in a stout volume, adorned with woodcuts, and entitled "A Dictionary of all Religions," in the back parlor of her granduncle, the tallow-chandler?

"Give me a glass of cold water, ma'am," said the subject of her solicitude.

"Thank you — that's the best drink, Slop, I think you call it, a sick man can swallow."

Sally Rumble coughed a little, and fidgeted, and at last she said, "Please, sir, would you wish I should fetch any other sort of a minister?"

"Don't plague me, pray; I believe in the prophet Rabelais, and *je m'en vais chercher un grand peut être* — the two great chemists, Death, who is going to analyse, and Life, to recombine me. I tell you, ma'am, my head is splitting; I'm very ill; I'll talk no more."

She hesitated. She lingered in the room, in her great perplexity; and Mr. Dingwell lay back, with a groan.

"I'll tell you what you may do: go down to your landlord's office, and be so good as to say to either of those d—d Jew fellows — I don't care which — that I am as you see me; it mayn't signify, it may blow over; but I've an idea it is serious; and tell them I said they had better know that I am *very ill*, and that I've taken no step about it."

With another weary groan, Mr. Dingwell let himself down on his pillow, and felt worse for his exertion, and very tired and stupid, and odd about the head, and would have been very glad to fall asleep; and with one odd pang of fear, sudden and cold, at his heart, he thought, "I'm going to die at last — I'm going to die at last — I'm going to die."

The physical nature in sickness acquiesces in death; it is the instructed mind that recoils; and the more versed about the unseen things of futurity, unless when God, as it were, prematurely glorifies it, the more awfully it recoils.

Mr. Dingwell was not more afraid than other sinners who have lived for the earthy part of their nature, and have taken futurity pretty much for granted, and are now going to test by the stake of *themselves* the value of their loose guesses.

No; he had chanced a great many things, and they had turned out for the most part better than he expected. "Oh! no; the whole court and the adjoining lanes, and, in short, the whole city of London, must go as he would — lots of company, it was not

to be supposed it was anything very bad — and he was so devilish tired, *over-fatigued* — queer — worse than sea-sickness — that headache — fate — the change — an end — what was it? At all events, a rest, a sleep — sleep — could not be very bad; lots of sleep, sir, and the chance — the chance — oh, yes, things go pretty well, and I have not had my good luck yet. I wish I could sleep a bit — yes, let kingdom-come be all sleep” — and so a groan, and the brain duller, and more pain, and the immense fatigue that demands the enormous sleep.

When Sarah Rumble returned, Mr. Dingwell seemed, she thought, a great deal heavier. He made no remark, as he used to do, when she entered the room. She came and stood by the bed-side, but he lay with his eyes closed, not asleep; she could see by the occasional motion of his lips, and the fidgety change of his posture, and his weary groanings. She waited for a time in silence.

“Better, sir?” she half-whispered, after a minute or two.

“No,” he said wearily.

Another silence followed, and then she asked, “Would you like a drink, Mr. Dingwell, sir?”

“Yes — water.”

So he drank a very little, and lay down again.

Miss Sarah Rumble stayed in the room, and nearly ten minutes passed without a word.

“What did he say?” demanded Mr. Dingwell so abruptly that Sarah Rumble fancied he had been dreaming.

“Who, sir, please?”

“The Jew — landlord,” he answered.

“Mr. Levi’s a-coming up, sir, please — he expected in twenty minutes,” replied she.

Mr. Dingwell groaned; and two or three minutes more elapsed, and silence seemed to have re-established itself in the darkened chamber, when Mr. Dingwell raised himself up with a sudden alacrity, and said he —

“Sarah Rumble, fetch me my desk.” — Which she did from his sitting-room.

“Put your hand under the bolster, and you’ll find two keys on a ring, and a pocket-book. Yes. Now, Sarah Rumble, unlock that desk. Very good. Put out the papers on the coverlet before me; first bolt the door. Thank you, ma’am. There are a parcel of letters among those, tied *across* with a red silk cord — just so. Put them in my hand — thank you — and place all the rest back again neatly — *neatly*, if you

please. Now lock the desk; replace it, and come here; but first give me pen and ink, and bolt the door again.”

And as she did so he scrawled an address upon the blank paper in which these letters were wrapt.

The brown visage of his grave landlady was graver than ever as she returned to listen for further orders.

“Mrs. Sarah Rumble, I take you for an honest person; and as I may die this time, I make a particular request of *you* — take this little packet, and slip it between the feather-bed and the mattress, as near the centre as your arm will reach — thank you — remember it’s there. If I die, ma’am, you’ll find a ten-pound note wrapped about it, which I give to you; you need not thank — that will do. The letters addressed as they are you will deliver, without showing them, or *saying one word to any one* but to the gentleman himself, into whose own hands you must deliver them. You understand?”

“Yes, sir, please; I’m listening.”

“Well, *attend*. There are two Jew gentlemen — your landlord, Mr. Levi, and the *old Jew*, who have been with me once or twice — you know *them*; that makes *two*; and there is Mr. Larkin, the tall gentleman who has been twice here with them, with the lavender waistcoat and trousers, the eye-glass with the black ribbon, the black frock-coat — heigho! oh, dear, my head! — the red grizzled whiskers, and bald head.”

“The religious gentleman, please, sir?”

“Exactly; the religious gentleman. Well, *attend*. The two Jews and the religious gentleman together make *three*; and those three gentlemen are all *robbers*.”

“What, sir?”

“*Robbers* — robbers! Don’t you know what ‘*robbers*’ means? They are all three *robbers*. Now, I don’t think they’ll want to fiddle with my money till I’m dead.”

“Oh, Lord, sir!”

“Oh, Lord! of course. That will do. They won’t touch my money till I’m dead, if they trust you; but they *will* want my desk — at least Larkin will. I shan’t be able to look after things, for my head is very bad, and I shall be too drowsy — soon knocked up; so give ‘em the desk, if they ask for it, and these keys from under the pillow; and if they ask you if there are any other papers, say *no*; and don’t you tell them one word about the letters you’ve put between the beds here. If you betray me — you’re a religious woman — yes — and believe in God — may God d—n you; and he will, for you’ll be accessory to the villainy of those three miscreants. And now I’ve

done what in me lies; and that is all — my last testament."

And Mr. Dingwell lay down wearily. Sarah Rumble knew that he was very ill; she had attended people in fever, and seen them die. Mr. Dingwell was already perceptibly worse. As she was coming up with some whey, a knock came to the door, and, opening it she saw Mr. Levi, with a very surly countenance, and his dark eyes blazing fiercely on her.

"How'sh Dingwell now?" he demanded, before he had time to enter and shut the door; "*worse*, is he?"

"Well, he's duller, sir."

"In his bed? Shut the door."

"Yes, sir, please. Didn't get up this morn'ing. He expected you two hours ago, sir."

Levi nodded.

"What doctor did you fetch?" he asked.

"No doctor, please, sir. I thought you and *him* would choose."

Levi made no answer; so she could not tell by his surly face, which underwent no change, whether he approved or not. He looked at his watch.

"Larkin wasn't here to-day?"

"Mr. Larkin? No, sir, please."

"Show me Dingwell's room, till I have a look at him," said the Jew gloomily.

So he followed her upstairs, and entered the darkened room without waiting for any invitation, and went to the window, and pulled open a bit of the shutter.

"What's it for?" grumbled Dingwell indistinctly from his bed.

"So you've bin and done it, you have," said the Jew, walking up with his hands in his pockets, and eyeing him from a distance as he might a glandered horse.

Dingwell was in no condition to retort on this swarthy little man, who eyed him with a mixture of disgust and malignity.

"How long has he been thish way?" said the Jew, glowering on Sarah Rumble.

"Only to-day in bed, please, sir; but he has bin lookin' awful bad this two or three days, sir."

"Do you back it for *fever*?"

"I think it's *fever*, sir."

"I s'pose you'd twig *fever* fasht enough? Sheen lotsh of *fever* in your time?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"It *ish* *fever*, ten to one in fifties. Black death going, ma'am — *my* luck! Look at him there, d — n him, he'sh got it."

Levi looked at him surlily for a while with eyes that glowed like coals.

"This comsh o' them d — d holes you're always a-going to; there's always *fever* and every thing there, you great old buck goat."

Dingwell made an effort to raise himself, and mumbled, half awake —

"Let me — I'll talk to him — how dare you — when I'm better — *quiet*" — and he laid down his head again.

"When you *are*, you cursed sink. Look at all we've lost by you."

He stood looking at Dingwell savagely.

"He'll *die*," exclaimed he, making an angry nod, almost a butt, with his head toward the patient, and he repeated his prediction with a furious oath.

"See, you'll send down to the apothecary's for that chloride of lime, and them vinegars and things — or — no; you must wait here, for Larkin will come; and don't you let him go, mind. Me and Mr. Goldshed will be here in no time. Tell him the doctor's coming; and us — and I'll send up them things from the apothecary, and you put them all about in plates on the floor and tables. Bad enough to lose our money, and d — bad; but I won't take this — come out o' this room — if I can help."

And he entered the drawing-room, shutting Dingwell's door, and spitting on the floor; and then he opened the window.

"He'll *die* — do you *think* he'll die?" he exclaimed again.

"He's in the hands of God, sir," said Sally Rumble.

"He won't be long there — he'll die — I say he *will* — by — he will;" and the little Jew stamped on the floor, and clapped his hat on his head, and ran down the stairs, in a paroxysm of business and fury.

#### CHAPTER LIX.

##### IN WHICH HIS FRIENDS VISIT THE SICK.

MR. LEVI, when Sarah Rumble gave him her lodger's message, did not, as he said, "vally it a turn of a half-penny." He could not be very ill if he could send his attendant out of doors, and deliver the terms in which his messages were to be communicated. Mr. Levi's diagnosis was, that Mr. Dingwell's attack was in the region of the purse or pocket-book, and that the "*dodge*" was simply to get the partners and Mr. Larkin together for the purpose of extracting more money.

Mr. Larkin was in town, and he had written to that gentleman's hotel, also he had told Mr. Goldshed, who took the same view, and laughed in his lazy diapason over the weak invention of the enemy.

Levi accordingly took the matter very

easily, and hours had passed before his visit, which was made pretty late in the afternoon, and he was smiling over his superior sagacity in seeing through Dingwell's little dodge, as he walked into the court, when an officious little girl, in her mother's bonnet, running by his knee, said pompously —

"You'd better not go there, sir!"

"And why sho, chickabiddy?" inquired Mr. Levi derisively.

"No, you better not; there's a gentleman as has took the fever there."

"Where?" said Mr. Levi suddenly interested.

"In Mrs. Rumble's."

"Is there? — how do you know?"

"Lucy Maria Rumble, please, sir, she told me; and he's very bad."

The fashion of Levi's countenance was changed as he turned from her suddenly, and knocked so sharply at the door that the canary, hanging from the window in his cage over the way, arrested his song, and was agitated for an hour afterwards.

So Mr. Levi was now thoroughly aroused to the danger that had so suddenly overcast his hopes, and threatened to swallow in the bottomless sea of death the golden stake he had ventured.

It was not, nevertheless, until eight o'clock in the evening, so hard a thing is it to collect three given men [what then must be the office of whip to Whig or Tory side of the House?] that the two Jews and Mr. Larkin were actually assembled in Mr. Dingwell's bed-room, now reeking with disinfectants and prophylactic fluids.

The party were in sore dismay, for the interesting patient had begun to maunder very preposterously in his talk. They listened and heard him say —

"That's a lie — I say, I'd nail his tongue to the post. Bells won't ring for it — lots of bells in England; you'll not find any *here*, though."

And then it went off into a mumbling; and Mr. Goldshed, who was listening disconsolately, exclaimed, "My eyesh!"

"Well, how do you like it, gov'nor? I said he'd walk the plank, and so he will," said Levi. "He will — he will;" and Levi clinched his white teeth with an oath.

"There, Mr. Levi, *pray*, *pray*, none of that!" said Mr. Larkin.

The three gentlemen were standing in a row, from afar off observing the patient, with an intense scrutiny of a gloomy and, I may say, a savage kind.

"He was an unfortunate agent — no energy, except for his pleasures," resentfully resumed Mr. Larkin, who was standing fur-

thest back of the three speculators. "Indolent, impracticable enough to ruin fifty cases; and now here he lies in a fever, contracted, you think, Mr. Levi, in some of his abominable haunts."

Mr. Larkin did not actually say "d—him," but he threw a very dark, sharp look upon his acquaintance in the bed.

"Abawminable, to be sure, abawminable. Bah! It's all true. The hornies has their eye on him these seven weeks past — curse the beast!" snarled Mr. Levi, clinching his fists in his pockets, "and every da — a — am muf that helped to let me in for this here rotten business."

"Meaning *me*, sir?" said Mr. Larkin, flushing up to the top of his head a fierce pink.

Levi answered nothing, and Mr. Larkin did not press his question.

It is very easy to be companionable and good-humoured while all goes pleasantly. It is failure, loss, and disappointment that try the sociable qualities; even those three amiable men felt less amicable under the cloud than they had under the sunshine.

So they all three looked in their several ways angrily and thoughtfully at the gentleman in the typhus fever, who said rather abruptly —

"She killed herself, sir; foolish 'oman! Capital dancing, gentlemen! Capital dancing, ladies! Capital — capital — admirable dancing. God help us!" and so it sunk again into mumbling.

"Capital da-a-ancing, and who pays the piper?" asked Mr. Goldshed, with a rather ferocious sneer. It has cost us five hundred to a thousand."

"And a doctor," suggested Levi.

"Doctor, the devil! I say; I've paid through the nose," or as he pronounced that organ through which his metallic declamation droned, *nosh*. "It's Mr. Larkin's turn now; its all da-a-am rot; a warm fellow like you, Mr. Larkin, putting all the loss on me; how can I sta-a-an' that — sta-a-an' all the losses, and share the profits — ba-ah, sir; that couldn't pay nobow."

"I think," said Mr. Larkin, "it may be questionable how far a physician would be, just in this imminent stage of the attack, at all useful or even desirable; but Miss Rumble, if I understand you, he is quite *compos* — I mean, quite, so to speak, in his senses, in the early part of the day."

He paused; and Miss Rumble from the other side of the bed contributed her testimony.

"Well, that being so," began Mr. Larkin, but stopped short as Mr. Dingwell took up

his parable forgetting how wide of the mark the sick man's interpolations were.

"There's a vulture over there," said Mr. Dingwell's voice, with an unpleasant distinctness; "you just tie a turban on a stick," and then he was silent.

Mr. Larkin cleared his voice, and resumed —

"Well, as I was saying, when the attack, whatever it is, has developed itself, a medical man may possibly be available; but in the mean time, as he is spared the possession of his faculties, — and we all agree, gentlemen, whatever particular form of faith may be respectively ours, that some respect is due to futurity, — I would say, that a clergyman, at all events, might make him advantageously a visit to-morrow, and afford him an opportunity at least of considering the interests of his soul.

"Oh! da-a-am his shoul, it's his *body*. We must try to keep him together," said Mr. Goldshed impatiently. "If he dies, the money's all lost, every shiver; if he don't, he's a sound speculation: we must raise a doctor among us, Mr. Larkin."

"It is highly probable indeed that before long the unfortunate gentleman may require medical advice," said Mr. Larkin, who had a high opinion of the "speculation," whose pulse was at this moment unfortunately at a hundred and twenty. "The fever, my dear sir, if such it be, will have declared itself in a day or two; in the mean time, nursing is all that is really needful, and Miss Rumble, I have no doubt, will take care that the unhappy gentleman is properly provided in that respect."

The attorney, who did not want at that moment to be drawn into a discussion on contributing to expenses, smiled affectionately on Miss Rumble, to whom he assigned the part of good Samaritan.

"He'll want some one at night, sir, please; I could not undertake myself, sir, for both day and night," said brown Miss Rumble, very quietly.

"*There!* That'sh it!" exclaimed Levi, with a vicious chuckle, and a scowl, extending his open hand energetically toward Miss Rumble, and glaring from Mr. Larkin to his partner.

"Nothing but *pay*; down with the dust, Goldshed and Levi. Bleed like a pair o' beashly pigs, Goldshed and Levi, *do!* There's death in that fellow's face, I say. It's all bosh doctors and nurses; throwing good money after bad, and then, five pounds to bury him, drat him!"

"Bury? ho! no, the parish, the work-

houshe, the authorities, shall bury him," said Mr. Goldshed briskly.

"Dead as a Mameluke, dead as a Janizary bowstrung!" exclaimed Mr. Dingwell, and went off into an indistinct conversation in a foreign language.

"Stuff a stocking down his throat, will you?" urged Mr. Levi; a duty, however, which no one undertook. "I see that cove's booked; he looks just like old Solomons looked when *he* had it. It isn't no use; all rot, throwing good money arter bad, I say; let him be; let him die."

"I'll *not* let him die; no, he shan't. I'll *make* him pay. I made the Theatre of Fascination pay," said Mr. Goldshed serenely, alluding to a venture of his devising by which the partnership made ever so much money in spite of a prosecution and heavy fines and other expenses. "I say 'tisn't my principle to throw up the game, by no means — *no* — with my ball in hand and the stakes in the pocket — *never!*"

Here Mr. Goldshed wagged his head slowly with a solemn smile, and Mr. Dingwell, from the bed, said —

"Move it, will you? That way — I wish you'd help — b-bags, sir — sacks sir — awfully hard lying — full of ears and noses — egad! — why not? — cut them all off, I say. D—n the Greeks! Will you move it? *Do* move that sack — it hurts his ribs — *I* never got the bastinado."

"Not but what you deserved it," remarked Mr. Levi.

And Mr. Dingwell's babbling went on, but too indistinctly to be unravelled.

"I say," continued Mr. Goldshed sublimely, "if that 'ere speculative thing in the bed there comes round, and gets all square and right, I'll make him pay. I'm not funk-ed — who's afraid? wiry old brick!"

"I think so," acquiesced Mr. Larkin, with gentle solemnity. "Mr. Dingwell is certainly, as you say, wiry. There are many things in his favour, and Providence, Mr. Goldshed, Providence is over us all."

"Providence, to be sure," said Mr. Goldshed, who did not disdain help from any quarter. "Where does he keep his money, ma'am?"

"Under his bolster, please, sir — under his head," answered Sarah Rumble.

"Take it out, please," said Mr. Goldshed.

She hesitated.

"Give the man hish money, woman, ca-a-an't you?" bawled Mr. Levi fiercely, and extending his arm toward the bed.

"You had better — *yes* ma'am, the money

belongs to Messrs. Goldshed and Levi," said Mr. Larkin, interposing in the character of the *vir pietate gravis*.

Sally Rumble, recollecting Mr. Dingwell's direction, "Let 'em have the money, too, if they press for it," obeyed, and slid her hand under his bolster, and under his head, from the other side, where she was standing; and Dingwell, feeling the motion, I suppose, raised his head, and stared with sunken eyes dismally at the three gentlemen, whom he plainly did not recognize, or possibly saw in the shapes of foxes, wolves, or owls, which *Æsop* would have metaphorically assigned them, and with a weary groan he closed his wandering eyes again, and sank down on the pillow.

Miss Rumble drew forth a roll of bank-notes with a string tied round them.

"Take the money, Levi," said Goldshed, drawing a step backward.

"Take it yourself, Gov'nor, said Levi, waving back Miss Sally Rumble, and edging back a little himself.

"Well," said Goldshed quietly, "I see you're afraid of that infection."

"I believe you," answered Levi.

"S'j am I," said Goldshed uneasily.

"And no wonder!" added Mr. Larkin, anticipating himself an invitation to accept the questionable trust.

"Put them notes down on the table there," said Mr. Goldshed.

And the three gentlemen eyed the precious roll of paper as I have seen people at a chemical lecture eye the explodable compounds on the professor's table.

"I tell you what, ma'am," said Goldshed, "you'll please get a dry bottle and a cork, and put them notes into it, and cork it down, ma'am, and give it to Mr. Levi."

"And count them first, please, Miss Rumble — shan't she, Mr. Goldshed?" suggested Mr. Larkin.

"What for? — isn't the money ours?" howled Mr. Levi, with a ferocious stare on the attorney's meek face.

"Only, Mr. Goldshed, with a view to distinctness, and to prevent possible confusion in any future account," said Mr. Larkin, who knew that Dingwell had got money from the Verneys, and thought that if there was anything recovered from the wreck, he had as good a right to his salvage as another.

Mr. Goldshed met his guileless smile with an ugly sneer, and said —

"Oh! count them, to be sure, for the gentleman. It isn't a ha'penny to me."

So Miss Rumble counted seventy-five pounds in bank-notes, and four pounds in gold,

two of which Mr. Goldshed committed to her in trust for the use of the patient, and the remainder were duly bottled and corked down according to Mr. Goldshed's grotesque precaution, and in this enclosure Mr. Levi consented to take the money in hand, and so it was deposited for the night in the iron safe in Messrs. Goldshed and Levi's office, to be uncorked in the morning by old Solomons, the cashier, who would, no doubt, be puzzled by the peculiarity of the arrangement, and, with the aid of a cork-screw, lodged to the credit of the firm.

Mr. Goldshed next insisted that Dingwell's life, fortunately for that person, was too important to the gentlemen assembled there to be trifled with; and said that sage —

"We'll have the best doctor in London, — six pounds' worth of *him* — d'ye see? — and under him a clever *young* doctor to look in four times a day, and we'll arrange with the young 'un on the principle of no cure no pay — that is, we'll give fifty pounds this day six weeks, if the party in bed here is alive at that date."

And upon this basis I believe an arrangement was actually completed. The great Dr. Langley, when he called, and questioned Miss Rumble, and inspected the patient, told Mr. Levi, who was in waiting, that the old gentleman had been walking about in a fever for more than a week before he took to his bed, and that the chances were very decidedly against his recovery.

A great anxiety overcame Mr. Larkin like a summer cloud, and the serene sunshine of that religious mind was overcast with storm and blackness. For the recovery of Mr. Dingwell were offered up, in one synogue at least, prayers as fervent as any ever made for that of our early friend Charles Surface, and it was plain that never was patriarch, saint, or hero mourned as the venerable Mr. Dingwell would be, by at least three estimable men, if the fates were to make away with him on this critical occasion.

The three gentlemen, as they left his room on the evening I have been describing, cast their eyes upon Mr. Dingwell's desk, and hesitated, and looked at one another, darkly, for a moment in silence.

"There'sh no reason why we shouldn't," drawled Mr. Goldshed.

"I object to the removal of the desk," said Mr. Larkin, with a shake of his head, closing his eyes, and raising his hand as if about to pronounce a benediction on the lid of it. "If he is spared, it might become a very serious thing — I decidedly object."

"Who want'sh to take this man'sh desk?" drawled Mr. Goldshed surlily.

"Who want'sh to take it?" echoed Levi, and stared at him with an angry gape.

"But there will be no harm, I shay, in looking what paper'sh there," continued Mr. Goldshed. "Does he get letters?"

"Only two, sir, please, as I can remember, since he came here."

"By po-sht, or by ha-a-an'?" inquired Goldshed.

"By 'and, sir, please: it was your Mr. Solomons as fetched 'em here, sir."

He lifted up the desk, swayed it gently, and shook it a little, looking at it as if it were a musical box about to strike up, and so set it down again softly. "There'sh papersh in that box," he hummed thoughtfully to himself.

"I think I may speak here," said Mr. Larkin, looking up sadly and loftily, as he placed his hat upon his bald head, "with some little authority as a professional man, — if in no higher capacity, — and I may take upon myself to say, that, by no possibility, can the contents of that desk affect the very simple, and, in a certain sense, direct transactions in which our clients' interests, and in a degree ours also, are involved; and I object on higher grounds still, I hope, to any irregularity as respects that desk."

"If you're confident, Mr. Larkinh, there'sh nothing in it can affect the bushiness we're on, I would not give you a cancel Queen's head for the lot."

"Perfectly confident, my dear Mr. Goldshed."

"He'sh perfectly confident," repeated Mr. Levi in his guv'nor's ear, from over his shoulder.

"Come along, then," said Mr. Goldshed, shuffling slowly out of the room, with his hands in his pockets.

"It's agreed, then, gentlemen, there's no tampering with the desk?" urged Mr. Larkin entreatingly.

"Shertainly," said Mr. Goldshed, beginning to descend the stairs.

"Shertainly," repeated Mr. Levi, following him.

And the three gentlemen, in grave and friendly guise, walked away together, over the flagged court. Mr. Larkin did not half like taking the arms of these gentlemen; but the quarter of the town was not one where he was likely to meet any of either the spiritual or the terrestrial aristocracy with whom he desired specially to stand well. So he moved along conscious, not unpleasantly, of the contrast which a high-bred gentleman must always present in juxtaposition with

such persons as Goldshed and Levi. They walked through the dingy corridor called Caldwell Alley, and through Ive's Lane, and along the market, already flaring and glaring with great murky jets of gas wavering in the darkening stalls, and thence by the turn to the left into the more open street, where the cab-stand is; and then, having agreed to dine together at the "Three Roses" in Milk Lane in half an hour, the gentlemen parted — Messrs. Goldshed and Levi to fly in a cab to meet their lawyer at their office, and Mr. Larkin to fly westward to his hotel, to inquire for a letter which he expected. So smiling, they parted; and, so soon as Mr. Larkin was quite out of sight, Mr. Levi descended from their cab, and, with a few parting words which he murmured in Mr. Goldshed's ear, left him to drive away by himself, while he retraced his steps at his leisure to Rosemary Court, and finding the door of Miss Rumble's house open with Lucy Maria at it, entered and walked straight up to Mr. Dingwell's drawing-room, with a bunch of small keys in his hand, in his coat-pocket.

He had got just two steps into the room towards the little table on which the patient's desk stood, when from the other side of that piece of furniture, and the now open desk, there rose up the tall form of Mr. Jos. Larkin of the Lodge.

The gentlemen eyed one another for a few seconds in silence, for the surprise was great. Mr. Larkin did not even set down the parcel of letters, which he had been sorting like a hand at whist, when Mr. Levi had stepped in to divert his attention.

"I thought, Mr. Larkin'sh, I might as well drop in just to give you a lift," said Levi, with an elaborate bow, a politeness, and a great smile, that rather embarrassed the good attorney.

"Certainly. Mr. Levi, I'm always happy to see you — always happy to see *any* man — I have never done anything I am ashamed of, nor shrunk from any duty, nor do I mean to do so now."

"Your hands looksh pretty full."

"Yes, sir, *pretty* tolerably full, sir," said Mr. Larkin, placing the letters on the desk; "and I may add so do *yours*, Mr. Levi; those keys, as you observe, might have given one a lift in opening this desk, had I not preferred the *other* course," said Mr. Larkin loftily, of simply requesting Mr. Dingwell's friend, the lady at present in charge of his papers, to afford me, at her own discretion, such access to the papers possibly affecting my client, as I may consider necessary or expedient as his legal adviser."

"You have changed your view of your duty somewhat; haven't you, Mr. Larkish?"

No, sir, *no*; simply my action on a point of expediency. Of course, there was some weight, too, sir, in the suggestions made by a gentleman of Mr. Goldshed's experience and judgment; and I don't hesitate to say that his—his ideas had their proper weight with me. And I may say, once for all, Mr. Levi, I'll not be hectored, or lectured, or *bullied* by you, Mr. Levi," added Mr. Larkin, in a new style, feeling, perhaps, that his logical and moral vein was not quite so happy as usual.

"Don't frighten ush, Larkin, pray don't, only just give me leave to see what them letters is about," said Levi, taking his place by him; "did you put any of them in your pocket?"

"No, sir; upon my *soul*, Mr. Levi, I did no such thing," said Mr. Larkin, with a heartiness that had an effect upon the Jew. "The occasion is so serious, that I hardly regret having used the expression, said Mr. Larkin, who had actually blushed at his own oath. "There was just one letter possibly worth looking at."

"That da-a-am foolish letter you wrote him to Constantinople?"

"I wrote him *no* foolish letter, sir. I wrote him no letter, sir, I should fear to have posted on the market cross, or read from the pulpit, Mr. Levi. I only wonder, knowing all you do of Mr. Dingwell's un-

fortunate temper and reckless habits of assertion, that you should attach the smallest weight to an expression thrown out by him in one of his diabolical and—and—lamentable frenzies. As to my having abstracted a letter of his—an imputation at which I smile—I can, happily, cite evidence other than my own." He waved his hand toward Miss Rumble. "This lady has, happily, I will say, been in the room during my very brief examination of my client's half-dozen papers. Pray, madam, have I taken one of these—or, in fact, put it in my pocket?"

"No, sir, please," answered Miss Rumble, who spoke in good faith, having, with a lively remembrance of Mr. Dingwell's description of the three gentlemen who had visited the sick that day, as "three robbers," kept her eye very steadily upon the excellent Mr. Larkin, during the period of his search.

Mr. Levi would have liked to possess that letter. It would have proved possibly a useful engine in the hands of the Firm in future dealings with the adroit and high-minded Mr. Larkin. It was not to be had, however, if it really existed at all; and when some more ironies and moralities had been fired off at both sides, the gentlemen subsided into their ordinary relations, and ultimately went away together to dine on turtle, sturgeon, salmon, and I know not what meats, at the famous "Three Roses" in Milk Lane.

From the London Review, Sept 7.

#### THE TWO GREAT POWERS OF THE FUTURE.

ALTHOUGH the remote future of the world has no very direct bearing upon our present interests, and may, indeed, be very well left to take care of itself, men have at all times loved to busy themselves with it, and to plan it out according to their fancies and their hopes. It is natural enough that this habit should be peculiarly strong in a new country like the United States, whose citizens, having no ancient glories to linger

over, naturally turn their thoughts the more intently towards the career which lies open to them, and to the achievements by which they anticipate for their country a great and leading place in the world's history. It is equally natural that their ideas of their "manifest destiny" should have been considerably enlarged by the result of the late civil war; and that, finding themselves at last in a fair way to consolidate their loosely compacted States into one strong and consolidated empire, they should look with increased eagerness to fields of labour and of conquest beyond their own borders. If

their speculations on these points had no influence on their actions, we should scarcely think them worth more than a very cursory notice; but speculations on what is likely to happen often lead to efforts to bring about the thing desired or expected. The policy of a nation is coloured by its hopes; and it is therefore not unimportant to see what are the hopes of educated and thoughtful Americans. Some insight into this matter may be gained from a couple of articles which have lately appeared in our able New York contemporary, the *Round Table*,—articles which we are inclined to think represent very faithfully the visions of the future which are floating before the eyes of our cousins across the Atlantic. The writer of these articles is of opinion that there will be only two great Powers of the future,—Russia and America. All the European States, with the exception of the Tartar despotism, are, in his opinion, waning, wearing out, and becoming effete. Slowly, but certainly, Russia is to extend her boundaries and her power over nearly the whole Eastern hemisphere, which will owe mainly to her its advance in Christian progress and enlightenment. From her is to proceed a fresher and more vigorous form of civilization than any of which we are yet in possession in the effete Old World; and, so far as we can gather, the crowning triumphs of liberty are to be won in Asia and Europe by a nation and a race which has not yet attained the most rudimentary notions of freedom, but bows down before its Czar as to a fetish or an idol. In the Western world the course of events is not less plain. The constitution of the United States, of which “ten years ago men talked in a strain which seemed to make it of considerably greater efficiency than God’s constitution of the world,” is no longer to stand in the way of that destiny which calls upon the country to become an empire.

The founders of the Republic did their best to render conquest impossible, by making no provision for maintaining governments in conquered countries, and by enacting, that, if territories were at any time annexed, their denizens should become at once not subjects, but citizens, of the United States. All that, however, is now to be changed. The Great Republic is henceforth to take her place amongst conquering nations, and rival the Powers of the Old World in her subject races. Canada, of course, will be absorbed; becoming an integral portion of the Union if the Canadians are wise enough to apply in time, or a subject dependency if they hesitate too long to

renounce an independence which is inconvenient and annoying to the neighbouring State. Any notion of consulting their wishes or respecting their rights is utterly ignored. It seems to be thought quite a sufficient justification for compelling them to become, whether they will or no, citizens of the great Republic that “our people are already weary of the miserable impediments to commerce on their northern frontier and the teeming millions of our agricultural population will ultimately demand with reason why the Lakes and the St. Lawrence should be held against them by one-tenth or one-twentieth of their number.” With regard to the Mexicans, their fate may be easily anticipated. Now that the empire of Maximilian is destroyed—and it is no longer necessary for political purposes to pretend to a belief in an impossible Mexican republic—the fellow-countrymen of Juarez are vigorously, and, we believe, quite truthfully described as a “horde of half-domesticated wild beasts,” who are utterly incapable of governing themselves. There must be an empire over them strong enough to rule them with a rod of steel; and we need hardly say that that empire can only be the United States. Yucatan and Central America will, as a matter of course, share the same fate. But not even yet is the conquering course of the great Republic to be stayed. For some little time, she may be content to intervene and arbitrate between the peoples of South America in their constant strifes; but “intervention will infallibly, as in a hundred other instances, become first occupation, and then dominion;” and at last she will attain to the full height of her power and the extent of her dominion as the mistress of the Western hemisphere.

Such is the sort of dream in which it appears that intelligent and educated Americans love to indulge. They may think that they disguise the lust of conquest which lies at the basis of such a programme as that we have just sketched, by strenuous professions that it will be their aim and object to give to “inferior people” the benefit of wise and beneficial Governments; but we have heard too much of that sort of thing before, as a defence of conquest and aggression, to place much confidence in it, or to be hoodwinked by it. It is impossible not to see that from first to last there is an entire putting aside any idea of “right,” or any notion that the “inferior people” may prefer their own bad Governments to the good ones which it will be the mission of the United States to enforce upon them.

If, indeed, that mission was confined to a people like the Mexicans, if the power of the Republic was to be exerted mainly in order to rescue one of the fairest and most productive regions of the earth from the dominion of a set of cut-throats, no one would find fault with the pursuit of conquest under such limits. But the profound immorality of the whole scheme is at once visible when we look at the manner in which the Canadians are to be treated. It is not pretended that they cannot and do not govern themselves well; on the contrary they are pronounced worthy of immediate admission to the ranks of United States citizenship. But simply because it is annoying to the great State to have a small one in its neighbourhood, they are to be told, that, whether they like it or not, they must consent to annexation. Whatever may be in store for us in the future, it is evident that if the policy of great nations is to be founded on principles like this, improved ideas of political justice, and greater fidelity to its teachings, will not be included in the blessings to which we may look forward. We can, however, hardly wonder that a nation which aspires to rule the world in partnership with Russia should display much regard for anything higher or better than force and strength. The admiration of the Americans for that Power; their apparent faith in her; their confidence that she not only is to be the mistress of the Eastern world, but that it is good for the Eastern world that she would be so — are, indeed, so many indications of an unsound and unhealthy state of public opinion. Russia has hitherto done nothing for civilization, and there is not the slightest reason to think that she ever will. So far as Europe is concerned, her influence has always been thrown into the balance adverse to freedom; nor is there any ground for asserting that she has done anything to raise the character of the rude Asiatic tribes whom she has subjected to her sway. Whenever she goes, she imposes a dull, leaden despotism; and, so far as we can judge, there is no probability of a change in the character of her rule within any period about which it is worth while to trouble ourselves. It is certainly strange that the citizens of that which professes to be the freest country in the world, and which is certainly one of the most intelligent, should bestow their sympathies upon such a nation rather than upon Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Germans. It is, however, consolatory to reflect that there is but little reason to fear the realization of our contemporary's pro-

phesies so far as the Old World is concerned. It is only a very prejudiced, and, we must say, a very ill-informed observer, who can see nothing but effete-ness in the Powers of Western Europe, and nothing but growth and progress in the great Empire of the East. It would be nearer the truth to say that while the West of Europe is making a steady advance in wealth, in power, and in freedom, Russia is at the best stationary. It is true that from time to time she annexes a fresh district of Central Asia, and thus extends the boundaries of an already overgrown empire. But mere provinces constitute no addition to the strength of a State which is not growing in material prosperity, and in which social disorganization increases from year to year. Every class in Russia is at the present moment discontented, and almost all have, more or less, cause to complain of their condition. No one who knows anything of the condition of the country would be astonished if it were, within the next few years, to become the scene of revolution; and revolution in Russia would, in all probability, lead to the disruption of the empire. But, whether that be so or not, we cannot help asking our American contemporaries what solid reason they can assign for the belief that Europe is now less able, or is likely at any future period to be less able, than it has hitherto been to defend itself against the aggression of a semi-barbarous Power? Why, again, should England be unable to hold her own on the frontiers of India? Why should "manifest destiny" which, in the New World, award race and predominance to superiority of race, confer these things in the Old World upon an essentially low, stolid, and brutal people; subjecting to Tartars and Mongols the nations who represent the intellect, and carry on the progress of the world? For our own part, we are not at all alarmed at the bugbear of a gigantic Russian empire; nor, for the matter of that, are we a whit more frightened at the thought of its still more gigantic companion on the other side of the Atlantic. Observant American statesmen have already remarked a tendency on the part of the Pacific States to treat very lightly their connection with the Union; and although, in the full flush of their recent triumph over the South, the Americans may well believe that nothing can imperil the unity of their State, it will be very strange if distance from the seat of government, variety of interests, and gradually developing differences of character, do not introduce elements of dissolution into their empire long before it has reached the colossal dimensions on

which the *Round Table* so confidently calculates. Wild, however, as we deem the notion that the United States and Russia are at some time to divide the world between them, the fact that such ideas are obtaining currency on the other side of the Atlantic must not be lost sight of when we are attempting to foresee the policy of the Republic. It is sufficient at present to say that these influences cannot be of a pacific kind; and that they are not likely to infuse into the diplomacy of the States a conciliatory or moderate bearing towards other countries.

---

From the Scotsman.

#### SCOTCH GEMS AND JEWELLERY.

HISTORIES of Scotland state, that there are considerable quantities of metals and minerals to be found therein, if the inhabitants would be persuaded to take pains to work them; and that tin, lead, copper, marble, alabaster, iron, and other ores were so abundant, that, after supplying the wants of the country, they might be largely exported. We read in John Chamberlayne's "Present State of Great Britain, with Diverse Remarks upon the Ancient State Thereof," that there are several rich silver-mines in Scotland, and that "James Atkinson, Assay Master of the Mint of Edinburgh in the reign of James VI., assures us that natural or native gold was to be found in several places in this country, as one mine on Crawford Moors and Friar Moor, in Clydesdale; two on Robburt Moor and Mannock Moor, in Nidesdale; three in Glangabar Watter, in Inderland; in the Forest of Attirie; and in many other combs or valleys. It is commonly found," says he (Atkinson), "after great rains, linked to the sappare-stone, just as lead ore and white spar grow sometimes together. This is certain, that one Cornelius, a German, who at that time was by patent created Superior of the gold-mines of the King of Scots, discovered gold-mines at Crawford John, and in thirty days' time brought into the King's Mint at Edinburgh 80 lb. troy weight of natural gold, which was worth £4,500."

However profitable the working of mines and the search in Scotland for gold and silver were in olden times, it is well known that they have not contributed much to the national wealth in recent periods, though the coarser metals and the stones of Scotland

have been sought for to much advantage in the extensive coal-fields in Mid-Lothian and Fife, the iron and coal formations in the West, the lead-mines of Leadhills, the granite quarries of Aberdeenshire and Ayrshire the pavement quarries of Forfar and Caithness shires, and the slate quarries in the North and West.

Scotland can boast of her pebbles and fine specimens of quartz found in the form of perfect crystals, varying in colour from pure white to amber and a deep brown. Our native pebbles are of singular conformations, and are of all colours, — red, green, gray, auburn, yellow, and also of the jasper kind with a mixture of colours. A curious phenomenon connected with the colour of pebbles is, that each colour is found only in distinct localities. Pebbles are found in every county in Scotland, but more plentifully in Ayrshire, Argyleshire, Aberdeenshire, Perthshire, Morayshire, Roxburghshire, and Mid-Lothian. There is the Arthur Seat jasper, found on Arthur's Seat; the Pentland pebble on the Pentland Hills; the Perth bloodstone on the Ochill and Moncrieff Hills; the Montrose gray pebble at Montrose, and so on. A small rivulet in the land of Burns contributes one of the richest and finest specimens of jasper that is to be found in Scotland. The Arthur Seat jasper deserves special notice, being rich in colour and variegated in streaks. It is found in large quantities on the face of the hill. On the top of the Cairngorm ranges in Aberdeenshire, the Cairngorm stones or crystals are found in great abundance. Will does the shepherd know where to find the finest specimens, for which he gets good prices. The Brazil topaz is not unlike the cairngorm; and in colour the one is often mistaken for the other.

Not many years ago the Scotch amethyst could be plentifully procured and cheaply purchased; but now it is becoming scarce, and brings in the market from 50s. to 60s. an ounce. Scotch amethysts possess the same component chemical parts as the Oriental amethyst, but they are not quite so brilliant in hue. Another favourite Scotch crystal is the garnet. It has a red or port wine colour, and is found in very small quantities of no great size at Elle Point, and along the sands on the coast of Fife. Seaside visitors pick up many of them, by whom they are called *Elle rubies*; but they are real garnets. A jewel in which the yellow cairngorm, the lilac amethyst, and the pink or red garnet are harmoniously combined, is remarkably fine.

Great difficulty not unfrequently lies in distinguishing between a true specimen of Scotch gems and a false; and hence many valuable stones and crystals are cast away as useless by inexperienced persons. Our moss agate is not the least beautiful and valuable of gems, and, for certain styles of setting, it is peculiarly suitable.

But the chief of our Scottish gems is the pearl. The beauty of lustre and form, and the fine opaque colour of the Scottish pearl, attract as much attention as ever, not only among the fishers for and dealers in these precious gems, but among all in the vicinity of the rivers famous for pearls. There was a tiara finely set in gold and enamel in the Dublin Exhibition, valued at £500, made of Scotch pearls. Fine specimens of pearls are found in the Rivers Forth, Teviot, Earn, Tay, Tweed, and the rivers of Ross and Sutherland shires. Country people often bring these treasures to town in a snuff-box or old stocking, returning home with prices varying for each gem from a few shillings to £90. A fine specimen not larger than a pea will bring £25, and larger ones will command at times as much as £80 or £90.

The manufacture of Scotch jewellery is almost exclusively confined to Edinburgh. In Glasgow, few gems are polished or set, and still fewer in Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth, Inverness, and Stirling. For some time, the manufacture has been rapidly increasing. This is particularly the case with silver-mounted pebble ornaments. There is an endless variety of jewellery and other articles of Scotch gems produced in fine settings by tradesmen in Edinburgh. Brooches, bracelets, pendants, necklaces, seals, lockets, paper-cutters, vinaigrettes, quaiags, and caskets may in particular be enumerated amongst the products. The gift from the ladies of Edinburgh to the Princess of Wales, on the occasion of her marriage, was, it may be remembered, a casket manufactured in Edinburgh, consisting entirely of Scotch gems set in gold. One ornament has often as many as forty or fifty various pieces of stone in its formation. Such articles vary as much in value as they do in use and design. While a simple ornament may be purchased for half a crown, the more expensive cannot be bought for £1,000. Rough and valueless, as many of our gems appear when found on the mountain-side, in the river-bed, or on the seashore, their beauties shine out pleasantly when cut by the lapidary and polished by his wheels and diamond-dust, and arranged in order of their colours, and set in gold or silver.

Another branch of Edinburgh fine art in ornaments is its enamelled work. This class of work is produced in numerous colours, chiefly, however, in dark blue, red and jet black. The designs are chiefly characteristic of Scotch nationality. Historical representations associated with Queen Mary, Robert the Bruce, and the Maid of Norway, are in great demand.

---

From the Saturday Review.

#### THE LOVE OF SCENERY.

MANY thousands of people are now employed in visiting those parts of Europe which have obtained a reputation for natural beauty. Germans are systematically following the precepts of the infallible Baedeker, a writer whose authority considerably exceeds even that of Murray amongst English travellers. Americans are doing the Alps in a fortnight, having exhausted the Holy Land, Italy, and the Paris Exhibition in the preceding month. Englishmen are endangering and occasionally breaking their necks, and making desperate efforts to get forty-eight hours' enjoyment out of the twenty-four. Frenchmen are playing billiards and roulette in the best imitations of Paris that are consistent with beautiful scenery. Ecstatic exclamations in the proper tongues of each nation are being uttered at the correct places, with the fervour of a Mahomeddan visiting the shrines of Mecca. The view from the Rigi will be pronounced *wunderschön* and *grossartig* and *magnifique*; Americans will admit Mount Washington to be in comparison but a one-horse affair; and Englishmen will enthusiastically declare, by a happy commercial metaphor, that it quite "repays" them.

How much of all this enthusiasm is the real genuine article? How much is a mere sham, corresponding at best to the polite phrases in which we tell a visitor that we are so glad to see him? Are we really glad to see Mont Blanc? or do we feel that, having come so far and taken so much trouble, we really must be decently civil, and not hurt the monarch's feelings by confessing that we think him a bore? Are tourists tacitly formed into a gigantic society for mutual imposition, a kind of huge involuntary boiler for getting up the steam of mock enthusiasm? This is a question which

every tourist would repel with indignation, and yet it is one which the slightly cynical observer can hardly help putting. For, to say the truth, there is much which throws suspicion upon the genuine ardour of the tourist genus. When we catch them on the spot, and listen to their expressions of admiration, they seldom strike us as genuine or discriminating, and they are not unfrequently mixed up with references to dinner, or tobacco, or beds, of a distinctly unpoetical kind. Still more are we struck with wonder when we consider certain habits of the tourist genus. Their most marked propensity is a sheeplike habit of following in each other's tracks. There may be the loveliest expanse of "fresh fields and pastures new" on each side of the path which they superstitiously follow; but no man deviates from his predecessors' footsteps; he follows as a bloodhound follows the traces of a stag, or as a Tory member of Parliament follows Mr. Disraeli. He wears a pair of invisible blinkers that prevent him looking to the right hand or the left, and seems to fancy, that if he once drops the clue, he will be hopelessly lost. Switzerland has been for many years the favourite haunt of the genuine tourist; persons of a little more enterprise than usual have investigated every valley and pass and mountain throughout the Alps. There are easy ways, with good inns, to innumerable points of surpassing beauty; and yet, close to tracks where hundreds of travellers pass every day, may be found districts where a tourist is stared at like a nigger in an English country village. Almost within call of one of the most frequented Alpine roads, we have found a most startling proof of the uncorrupted simplicity of the natives, — a present of milk, with an absolute refusal to accept payment. At the foot of the pass where this portent occurred, a traveller would have as good a chance of getting milk *gratis* as champagne at the Star and Garter. Switzerland, it is true, is traversed by a pervading network of routes, but between the meshes of the net are districts scarcely touched, or at least quite unhackneyed. It seems as if the passage of tourists produced an effect like the intersection of England by railways — there is a great deal more locomotion, but it is more confined to certain special routes. The travellers are drained off down certain prepared channels, and the intervening spaces are left dry. To take a single example, the Valley of Zermatt is now being annexed by cockneys. It has long been frequented, not merely by zealous mountaineers, but by every one who wishes to do the Alps

properly; the G6rnergrat is as notorious as the Rigi, and the Matterhorn is as great a lion as the hippopotamus was in his palmy days. But on each side of the Zermatt Valley are other valleys even easier of access, which are comparatively a wilderness. Saas, for example, has been sung by Mr. Wills and other competent writers; and its beauties are in some respects unique. But, whilst Zermatt is crammed, the innkeeper at Saas appears to live, like a spider on one fly a summer. A few travellers dribble in on their way to the Moro; but it is rare for one of them to stay for a day to see some of the most characteristic of Alpine scenery. On the other side, again, lies the Einfisthal, whose very name is unknown to nine tourists out of ten; its scenery is scarcely inferior to that of Zermatt, and as little known, except to a few zealots, as the scenery of the Atlas. We will not multiply examples; for every traveller who has once cleared the imaginary fence which restricts the domestic tourist to his prescribed course knows how, at a single bound, he can leave the crowd behind, and yet lose nothing in natural beauty. A hundred yards to the right or left is often enough to reach an oasis where tourists cease from troubling, and those weary of crowds and cockneys may be at rest.

Now, if the great mass of tourists had any genuine love of scenery, they would also have an independent judgment of their own. Those who, like most Americans, come once and never expect to come again, may have some excuse for visiting the most celebrated points, and visiting them alone. If we were to be confined to one post, we might fairly choose Shakspeare; and for one view we may be content with the Rigi. But with the great mass this passive obedience probably indicates an absence of any choice in the matter, and an absence of choice generally indicates indifference to all the objects amongst which choice is made. In other words, people go just where they are told, because they take the enjoyment entirely on faith. They know that they ought to be pleased, and they succeed in fancying that they are pleased; but there is an absence of any active appetite for scenery, originated from within, which would naturally manifest itself in more vigour and originality in the pursuit. If everybody, or any large number of people, had a real passion, we should see more variety and energy in their efforts to gratify it. And this low estimate is apparently justified by such ordinary expressions of feeling as are not adopted ready-made from guide-books.

The general mass prefers the odd and fantastic to the beautiful. A waterfall is sure to draw popular applause, because it is a good tangible exception to the ordinary state of things, and because its height and weight can be measured and stated in guide-books. So many tons of water are falling every hour over such a height, and making a tremendous splashing as they do it. Niagara is the very ideal of a popular show; you undeniably get a great deal for your money, more calculable noise and force and fury than you can get for the same price anywhere else in the world. Now no one can deny that waterfalls are exquisitely beautiful; but it is as enforcing and enlivening the surrounding scenery that they are really admirable. The waterfalls, for example, give admirable expression to the lovely Valley of Sixt, though few of them taken as separate fragments are much worth examining. But this is precisely the way in which the ordinary tourist regards them; he likes the show waterfall, such as may be seen in some German watering-places, where the stream is dammed up and kept under lock and key till the proper number of visitors have paid the fee. He likes to have staircases up to them; a path between the stream and the rock gives him unspeakable delight; and his pleasure culminates at the Giesbach, where the natural beauties can be properly enforced by blue lights and a band of music. In fact he likes his waterfall caught and tamed and sophisticated, till it is as much like the genuine fall in a wild mountain glen as the chamois kept in a back-yard for his delectation is like the chamois on his native precipices.

Another tourist's pleasure is the panoramic view — the least impressive, as a rule, of all views to a cultivated mind. He is perfectly happy on the top of the Piz Languard, where he can take out his Baedeker, and count up the number of little points on the far horizon that are identified with Mont Blanc and the Monte Rosa and the Finster Ahorn. Here, again, he has something definite for his trouble; he has seen so many hundred peaks, and that is a pleasure of which no one can deprive him; but of the exquisite views that may be seen half-way up, of the pictures of precipice and glacier with rich foregrounds of meadow and forest, and curtailed by delicate mountain mists, he sees and remembers nothing. He cares little for the view till it is reduced as nearly as possible to the likeness of a map, with something definite for him to tell off on his fingers and write down in his journal.

After a little contemplation of the per-

verse bad taste which sees nothing except according to order, and admires nothing till it has received permission from the tourist's fetish, the Guide-book, one begins to doubt the existence of a modern passion for scenery. Can there be anything genuine at the bottom of all this rant? To be fair, we have no doubt of it, though it is certainly a zeal not according to knowledge. For, after all, no structure can be composed entirely of cant and hypocrisy. After clearing away all the nonsense, some residuum of genuine feeling is discovered. So universal a tendency as the rush to the mountains must correspond to some real want. All the inn-keepers of Switzerland do not gain their living by a mere combination of empty pretenders to taste. The enjoyment, indeed, is not simply founded upon a quick susceptibility to very refined poetical influences. A great deal of it is the pleasure of getting free from the crowds of great cities, the relief which every man must feel in breathing fresh air and being amongst green fields and cold streams. The mountains give the little additional interest that is required, the small additional excitement that is necessary to prevent the repose from becoming stagnation. They at least excite curiosity, and give a certain end to what would be otherwise mere vague rambling. No very intelligent or keen appreciation of their beauties may exist, but they serve as something more than a good excuse for a holiday; they add a certain zest, which the tourist may not be able to analyse or to examine critically, but of which he is dimly conscious. And it must also be added that, whatever we may say against the taste of the vulgar herd, they have on the whole picked out the really most admirable scenes for popularity. If any one can succeed in closing his eyes to all his neighbours on the top of the Rigi, he will admit that, if it were not for those who see it, it would be one of the most admirable views in Switzerland. And in the faith that they really enjoy themselves a little, we will endeavour to pardon the tourists for their monopoly of a few spots, and be thankful to them for not intruding into others.

From the Athenæum.

*Light after Darkness: Religious Poems.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. (Low & Co.)

THESE religious effusions of Mrs. Stowe are very graceful and melodious. At times, we meet with a thought or an image that

deserves higher praise ; though the book, as a whole, is more remarkable for sweet and devout feeling than for imagination. Indeed, the fact is certain, whatever be the cause, that nothing is more rare than the union of imagination with the advocacy of religious belief, or even with the expression of feeling which that belief suggests. The canons of a faith may be as sublime as they are true ; but it is seldom indeed that the highest graces of poetry attend upon their enumeration or upon the reflection of their influence. To the combination, however, of fancy and picturesqueness with religious sentiment, Mrs. Stowe *does* attain, as a few stanzas from her 'Day in the Pamfili Doria' will show : —

And now for the grand old fountains,  
Tossing their silvery spray, —  
Those fountains so quaint and so many,  
That are leaping and singing all day.

Those fountains of strange weird sculpture,  
With lichens and moss o'ergrown, —  
Are they marble greening in moss-wreaths ?  
Or moss-wreaths whitening to stone ?

Down many a wild, dim pathway  
We ramble from morning till noon ;  
We linger, unheeding the hours,  
Till evening comes all too soon.

And from out the ilex alleys,  
Where lengthening shadows play,  
We look on the dreamy Campagna,  
All glowing with setting day, —

All melting in bands of purple,  
In swathings and foldings of gold,  
In ribands of azure and lilac,  
Like a princely banner unrolled.

And the smoke of each distant cottage,  
And the flash of each villa white,  
Shines out with an opal glimmer,  
Like gems in a casket of light.

And the dome of old St. Peter's  
With a strange translucence glows,  
Like a mighty bubble of amethyst  
Floating in waves of rose.

In a trance of dreamy vagueness  
We, gazing and yearning, behold  
That city beheld by the prophet,  
Whose walls were transparent gold.

And, dropping all solemn and slowly,  
To hallow the softening spell,  
There falls on the dying twilight  
The Ave Maria bell.

With a mournful motherly softness,  
With a weird and weary care,

That strange and ancient city  
Seems calling the nations to prayer.

And the words that of old the angel  
To the mother of Jesus brought,  
Rise like a new evangel,  
To hallow the trance of our thought.

From the Christian Register.

# THE SACHEL AND THE WEDDING-DRESS;

OR,

## A LITTLE TALK WITH MINORS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

HAVING recently met with an admirable and discriminating extract from an article entitled "A Model Woman," we copy a portion of it for the benefit of those who have not been so fortunate as to see it. It is prefaced by the remarks of another, as follows : —

"Women do not excel in any trade, because their ambition is not in their work. Work to them is only an expedient to bridge over an interval that lies between them and marriage. Whereas, man looks forward to work as the main incident of his life, and prepares himself for work as a career, not as a temporary expedient.

"This lack of ambition goes farther than to merely unfit women as general workers. It also makes them incompetent housewives, — unequal partners for the men of their choice."

The following extract, in this regard, is sharp, but just in its strictures : —

"But why does not her employer direct her ? you ask ; why does she not correct the faults of her erring hand-maiden, and show her how to manage a house ? Because, my dear sir, she does not know how herself. Her brothers prepared themselves, one for a profession, the other for business. For this preparation, they counted no time, no labor, too great. Even when not compelled to depend upon their own labor for subsistence, they feel a pride in doing something themselves, standing high in a profession or on 'change. Their sister expects to be married, to be the mother of a family, to preside over a household. What effort does she make to master the future situation ? What years, what days, what hours, does she devote to learning how to preside over a house, to rule her servants, to be independent of them, and, in case of need, to do without them ? How does she prepare herself to exercise judgment, economy, thrift ;

to dispense hospitality elegantly, yet un-  
wastefully? What lesson does she take in  
the art of making a small income do the  
work of a large one, or in that frugality  
which is the condition of the means of be-  
nevolence?"

"I know of one lady (I use the singular  
number, not unadvisedly), and she not com-  
pelled by her circumstances, who makes  
housekeeping an art, who studies chemistry  
and physiology, that she may adapt her  
table to the health and comfort of her fam-  
ily; who is the mistress of her servants, not  
their unpaid dependent; who knows when  
the work for the house is done; is able to  
show the servants the reason of their fail-  
ure. And with all this she is not a drudge,  
with a soul confined to pots and pans, but a  
sensible, pleasing, and truly religious woman,  
who, while enhancing the happiness of her  
family and doubling the income of her hus-  
band, alike by reducing his expenses and  
freeing his mind from vexing cares, yet is  
also reading the best books, is serving God  
and dispensing charity to man. One such  
woman I know; say, how many do you  
know?"

This, indeed, is the beginning of a move-  
ment in the right direction: it touched a  
chord that responded in our hearts; and, as  
if by magic, the lid of our casket flew open,  
and revealed many a thought and feeling  
that lie hidden there, awaiting "the trou-  
bling of the waters for the healing of our  
people."

For oh! what a sin lies at our doors when  
we think of the desecration of marriage  
from countless causes, and the men and wo-  
men of our country crowding the court-  
rooms, and pleading for divorce, or daily  
resorting to separation. "Why is it?" is  
the earnest question, and many times an-  
swered. One great cause is immature  
marriage, entered into lightly and un-  
advisedly. The mother is eager, or con-  
sents, to bring to market the crude and  
unripe fruit; and sometimes the daughter  
hangs up the satchel with one hand, and  
takes down the wedding-dress with the  
other, forgetting or ignoring that the black-  
board does not solve the problem of life,  
nor fit her to be the companion of man.

Do not defraud her, O mother! of the  
periods of life that come slowly, gently,  
surely, in the unerring intentions and min-  
istrations of Nature and Providence.

Freed from the necessarily gregarious  
life of the public school, she is now to share  
the labours of her mother, who has sacri-  
ficed herself for her child's improvement,  
and to train herself for the duties of domes-

tic life, and to begin an individual exis-  
tence; or, in one word, to begin to find  
herself, and by a patient course of reading  
and study, learn to think and to feel aright,  
and to gather nourishment for the mental,  
moral, and spiritual nature; to prepare her-  
self in some small measure, for the next stage,  
the entrance into society at the age of  
eighteen. Then comes the dawning of wo-  
manhood; and in a few years more if she  
has drank freely and earnestly at the foun-  
tain of life, she can be the companion, the  
helper, of one whom it is her glad office to  
sustain, to influence, and to refine; for the  
only true home is in the heart of those we  
love, "for where the treasure is, there will  
the heart be also."

Can we wonder that the wedding-gar-  
ment is so rudely torn off? for, if it fitted  
the girl, it will not fit the woman. And  
the wedding-ring should be a constantly-  
enlarging circle, enclosing the responsibili-  
ties and the charms of life; but the golden  
circle may become so small as to lose all  
its true significance. How few women can  
receive, how few men can pay, the follow-  
ing beautiful tribute! —

Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed;  
So sixteen years ago I said.  
Behold another ring — for what?  
To wed thee o'er again? Why not?  
With the first ring I married youth,  
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth,  
Taste long admired, sense long revered;  
And all, my Mary, then appeared.  
If she, by merit since disclosed,  
Prove twice the woman I supposed,  
I plead the double merit now  
To justify a double vow.  
Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure,  
With ardor as intense and pure,  
As when, amid the rites divine,  
I took thy hand and plighted mine),  
To thee, my love, my second ring,  
A token and a pledge, I bring.  
With this I wed, till death us part,  
Thy riper virtues to my heart, —  
Those virtues which before untried,  
The wife has added to the bride;  
Those virtues whose progressive claim,  
Endearing wedlock's very name,  
My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
For conscience' sake as well as love's;  
For why? They show me, hour by hour,  
Heaven's high thought, affection's power,  
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,  
And teach me all things — but repentance.

In the perversion of the laws of Nature  
and Providence, the girl-bride loses three  
periods of life, never to be regained. There  
are mines never to be worked, depths of her  
being never to be sounded; ignorant of her-

self, old before her prime, oppressed by the inevitable and unprepared-for cares of life, she can evade nothing, and can never regain the lost period of preparation.

The highest gift of God is love in marriage. It is born of sorrow as well as joy. The true wife has an atmosphere about her which her husband and all that come within her presence feel. The human character, so sacred a trust, is the slowest in its growth; and we might take a lesson from the natural kingdom so beautiful in its operations.

The light and shadows of life must fall upon woman before she knows, before she can know, of the riches of love and marriage. Love is the infant's instinct, the child's shelter, the maiden's protection; but the highest, holiest love is born of tears as well as smiles, and is consecrated by both. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder" should apply as sacredly to the true union of hearts as in the presence of the sacred rites.

But we have not looked yet at the saddest side of the picture. What is to become of the next generation? The "child-wife" may become the child-mother (uneducated, except primarily, herself) before she is even capable of performing the physical duties, and before she has suspected even the depths of her own being and its responsibilities in this life and the life to come. This young immortal is to be trained carefully and thoughtfully and joyously for time and eternity. Almost with the infant's first tear and smile come the first impressions, so carefully to be watched, that are the germ of its future life. Guard it against falsehood as you would from a pestilential vapor; but let it ever see Truth in all her fair proportions! How the little lip will curl, the eye flash, and the tear start, at the smallest deceptions! How discriminately, courageously, and delicately should first impressions be watched! for upon them, with God's blessing, depends the future of the child and the man.

A mother who has thought earnestly and deeply often feels

That the full fountain of a mother's love  
Awaits not; but for angel ministry  
To guard the fair young creature, she must  
plead.

We will quote from a faithful picture of an interesting writer; for we love to dwell upon the character of a true woman, and consider it her highest privilege to grace and gladden her home:—

"To the man who knows the world, and understands what he should hope from it, what he should do in it, nothing can be more desirable than meeting with a wife who will ever co-operate with him, who will everywhere prepare his way for him, whose diligence takes up what he must leave, whose occupation spreads itself on every side, whilst his must travel forward on its single path. Order in prosperity, courage in adversity, care for the smallest, and a spirit capable of comprehending and managing the greatest."

These are such qualities as we find in the women of history; that clearness of view, that expertness in all emergencies, that sureness in detail, which brings the whole so accurately out.

Just as we were closing this article, we saw a quotation from an English paper, indicating a very serious and earnest movement upon this subject by "the authorities of Oxford University." They say, "At present, as we take it, it is the want of a definite interest in some work or occupation of real moment, which sets girls speculating about marriage at so early a period." They do not ascribe it to the fear of single life or dissatisfaction with home, "that the thoughts of a girl of eighteen or nineteen are so often turned to matrimonial contingencies." Then they speak of her want of occupation contrasted with the life of man. "But when the average of girls have gone through the wretched course of studies prescribed by the school-mistress or governess, all comes to an end, and the next thing is to be married, or, at any rate, to be engaged. Her education has totally failed to awaken her interest in the subjects of men's studies, and to cultivate her natural faculties to such an extent as to make her further cultivation and the acquisition of more knowledge a delight and a necessity."

From the Economist, Sept. 14.

MR. SEWARD AND LORD STANLEY.

LORD STANLEY may be congratulated upon being the first Minister upon either side the Atlantic who has dealt with the Alabama question without committing a grave error. He agrees to refer the Alabama case to arbitration without improper admixture, and refuses so to refer it with improper admixture. The English Government on two preceding occasions showed

one of its most common faults, — a want of quickness in new cases. That fault is, indeed, common to all free Governments which appeal to the people and which live by discussion. A free people never can be quick, for it does not know the facts early, and its imagination takes time to act; and in discussion it is commonly safe to say, "I did what has usually been done in cases like the present, I did not choose to take the responsibility of adopting (without the sanction of Parliament) a new policy, I followed the course which on previous occasions Parliament had approved. In appearance, the case of the Alabama was like many others which had occurred before, though it was not really like them. In most cases of prosecution for alleged infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act, it is quite enough for the Executive Government only to act when the legal evidence is thoroughly complete. Whether a man or two more or less in an ordinary war are enlisted, whether a ship more or less in an ordinary war is fitted out, scarcely matters at all. But in the case of the Alabama one ship *did* matter: the amount of harm which could be done by a single Confederate cruiser built abroad was so great, that our Government would have been justified in acting in the first instance upon insufficient evidence; upon evidence, that is, insufficient for exact legal proof though quite enough for grave, moral suspicion. We acted so afterwards in the case of the "rams," and we ought to have done so in the case of the Alabama. But, if the phrase may be allowed, we tinkered about legal proof; we were afraid of having, in a conceivable event, to pay damages to a possibly innocent owner; and, while we were indulging our scruples, the Confederates, who had no scruples, got the ship away.

It is believed, and always will be believed in America; that we let the Alabama go because we liked the South better than we liked the North. But this is wholly untrue. The Government of that day were anxious to obey the law, and only to obey the law. But so much as this is true, that if by chance a minister so strenuous, and, in his own way, so daring, as Lord Palmerston, had been a keen partisan of the North, he would have insisted that the ship should not go — evidence or no evidence. His passions would have made him do what was wise, though at the time it was not the law.

In the same way, Lord Russell was slow to recognise a new expediency. He de-

clined to refer the Alabama case to arbitration, and certainly there was no precedent. Lord Chatham would have called it dishonour for the Queen of England to submit to an arbitrator the question whether she herself had been to blame. And it quite comes to that. This is no question of fault or no fault in some subordinate authority — some outlying governor, or some eager naval captain, — such points have often been referred to arbitration, and there is no difficulty about them. But here we deal with the Cabinet — the Prime Minister — the *very* Government of the Queen herself. All that was done or not done was done or not done by the supreme authority, and there the blame must rest, if blame there be.

But, nevertheless, it would have been wise to submit even this question to arbitration. The highest functionaries of a State may act wrongly, just as its lower functionaries may act wrongly. A nation itself, for it comes to that, may act wrongly. And the notion that a nation loses honour by admitting a liability to mistake is a mischievous delusion, surviving from a time when honour was thought to be in the display of power, not in the reality of good intention. Real dignity can admit that it may have been in fault, whenever in truth it may have been so.

But if two English statesmen have been wrong in dealing with the Alabama question, Mr. Seward is now more wrong. American statesmen are accused of keeping attractive foreign questions in abeyance, in order to gain a point in domestic politics, or, as it is phrased, to make capital out of them. And, if Mr. Seward did wish to act thus, he would have written as he has written. Now, he will not refer to arbitration the Alabama case, unless we will refer, too, the question, whether we were right or wrong in the recognition of the South as a belligerent. Lord Stanley argues that the South clearly *was* a belligerent; for, if she did not make a great war, there never was a great war in this world; that the American President recognized the fact by proclaiming a blockade, which, in a mere riot, he could not do; that in cases, often referred to in these columns and elsewhere, the American courts have, in this very case, sanctioned this very doctrine; that they have decided that the secession of the Southern States, "as set forth by the President with the assertion of the right of blockade amounts to a declaration that civil war exists; that blockade itself is a belligerent,

right, and can only legally have place in a state of war;" and yet Mr. Seward maintains that our recognition was wrong.

He sometimes, indeed admits, or seems to admit, that it may have been right at last to recognise the South, but that we did it too soon. But we did not do it till after the President proclaimed the blockade, and when, therefore, it was necessary at once to tell our people abroad what to do. The Southern rebellion became at once of great magnitude, and it had to be dealt with accordingly, both by Mr. Lincoln and by the English Government. Something is said about Mr. Adams being expected in London when we made the recognition, and that we ought to have waited for Mr. Adams; but what could Mr. Adams have told us which was material, or which could have altered our policy? When a house is on fire, you do not wait to see the owner's attorney before you put out the flames: so in all cases of imminent danger.

It cannot be put in a despatch, but common Americans reason thus. They say, "Mr. Seward was right not to refer the Alabama case to arbitration now; we do not want it settled now; England is at peace, and the Southern States are not yet settled; we prefer to wait till England is at war or in danger, and till all America is tranquil." We fear Mr. Seward means this, though he cannot in decorum say it; that he does not wish to create a sure peace between the countries, but to keep ready a good ground of menace for his own.

The style of Mr. Seward's despatches has been praised, but we think very undeservedly. Our great novelist describes a certain footman "as one who by those who had not seen many noblemen, might be thought to give a good idea of nobility." Just so, Mr. Seward's writing is what those who have not read many good books would think good writing. It is tawdry, indistinct, and diffuse, and has a very disagreeable air of vanity all through it. Lord Stanley, on the other hand, writes like a highly educated man of business, who "calls a spade a spade," and does not spoil a good expression by using unnecessary words.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

"If love be sweet, then bitter death must be;  
If love be bitter, sweet is death to me."

—TENNISON.

WHY should I not look happy,  
The world is all so bright?  
You know, he said he loved me;  
He told me so last night:  
He loves me so!

Such words of love he whispered,  
I felt my blushes rise;  
But half (he said) he told not,  
The rest was in his eyes:  
He loves me so!

He said, to watch and guard me  
Would be his tenderest care;  
If I am but beside him,  
Joy will be everywhere:  
He loves me so!

If love will make life happy,  
Mine will be very bright;  
His love will shed a lustre,  
And fill it all with light:  
He loves me so!

Then should I not be happy,  
The world is all so bright?  
You know, he said he loved me;  
He told me so last night:  
He loves me so!

Why should I not look mournful,  
The world is all so sad?  
Because, you know I love him;  
Such love is never glad:  
I love him so!

I've listened for his footstep  
All through the weary day;  
But, oh! 'twould not be weary  
If one word he would say:  
I love him so!

Sometimes I thought he loved me,  
Then all the world was bright;  
But now all hope is ended,  
Quite dead since yesterday:  
I love him so!

'Twas in the crowd of dancers:  
I felt that he was nigh.  
I longed so for his coming;  
He came — and passed me by:  
I love him so!

He turned to some one fairer ;  
 I saw him flitting past ;  
 But me he never heeded —  
 O God ! that dream is past :  
 I love him so !

Then should I not look mournful ?  
 'Twill ne'er be bright again ;  
 For still, you know, I love him :  
 Such love is only pain :  
 I love him so !

Before God's shrine she stands,  
 A veil thrown o'er her head ;  
 The priest now joins their hands,  
 While holy words are said.  
 Bathed in mellowed light,  
 A wreath around her brow ;  
 Clad in robes of white —  
 A bride, behold her now !  
 Music is stealing round —  
 The chant of holy hymn ;  
 Hark ! how the solemn sound  
 Steals through the arches dim !  
 They sing, " Blest may she be !  
 Her work of day by day  
 Be blest ! O happy she ! " —  
 'Tis thus for life we pray.

Laid on her narrow bed,  
 • Clad in a garment white,  
 A cross above her head,  
 She's taking rest to-night.  
 Flowers are scattered round,  
 Her hands crossed o'er her breast ;  
 No more shall earthly sound  
 Disturb that quiet rest.  
 Sweet music steals aloft, —  
 The chant of holy hymn,  
 Those notes, so low and soft,  
 Steal through that chamber dim.  
 They sing, " The dead are blest !  
 Their work of day by day  
 Has ceased, and now they rest : " —  
 'Tis thus in death we pray.

Life to the joyous seems the best ;  
 The weary only long for rest.

" MOINEUA."

— *Dublin University Mag.*

#### THE BIRD AND THE BABY.

LET the Baby squall, Ma'am,  
 Cruel ? Not at all, Ma'am,  
 Musical I call, Ma'am,  
 Children's shrieks and cries.  
 Little chest expand, Ma'am,  
 Give what lungs demand, Ma'am,  
 Don't you understand, Ma'am,  
 Proper exercise.

But the other day, Ma'am,  
 While I was away, Ma'am,  
 Late in bed I lay, Ma'am,  
 As I sometimes do.  
 To my great delight, Ma'am,  
 Down stairs — out of sight — Ma'am,  
 Scream with all their might, Ma'am,  
 Fancied I heard two.

" One against the other,  
 Crying for their mother,  
 Sister strives with brother ;  
 Twins," I thought, " are those."  
 But, when I descended,  
 And the row had ended,  
 They were, who contended,  
 What do you suppose ?

Of the two I heard, Ma'am,  
 One turned out a bird, Ma'am,  
 'Tis a fact absurd, Ma'am ;  
 But the truth I tell.  
 Parrot, green and yellow,  
 Like an infant fellow,  
 Trying to outbellow  
 Other baby's yell.

Brown should have been there, Ma'am,  
 Babies he can't bear, Ma'am,  
 Parrot's neck he'd swear, Ma'am,  
 Ought to have been wrung.  
 " Baby," with a curse, Ma'am,  
 To all pets averse, Ma'am,  
 " Gag," he'd tell the Nurse, Ma'am,  
 " Make it hold its tongue."

He, now, he's a bear, Ma'am,  
 No, we're not a pair, Ma'am,  
 I don't, I declare, Ma'am,  
 Hate small girls and boys ;  
 Would not children shoot, Ma'am,  
 That they might be mute, Ma'am,  
 Am not such a brute, Ma'am ;  
 Partial to their noise.

— *Punch,*